THE MAIDES REVENGE.

A TRAGEDY.

As it hath beene Acted with good Applauſe at the private houſe in *Drury Lane*, by her Majeſties Servants.

Written by IAMES SHIRLEY Gent.

LONDON.

Printed by *T.C.* for *William Cooke*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at *Furnivalls Inne* Gate in *Holbourne*. 1639.

The Actors names.

GAsper De Vilarezo, *an old Count, Father to* Sebastiano, Catalina *and* Berinthia.

Sebastiano, *sonne to* Vilarezo.

Antonio *a lover of* Berinthia, *and friend to* Sebastiano.

Valindras *a kinsman of* Antonio.

Sforza, *a blunt Souldier.*

Valasco, *a lover of* Berinthia.

Count de monte nigro, *a braggard.*

Diego, *Servant to* Antonio.

Signior Sharkino, *a shirking Doctor.*

Scarabeo, *a Servant to* Sharkino.

Catalina, Berinthia } *Daughters to* Vilarezo.

Castabella, *Sister to* Antonio.

Ansilva, *a waiting gentlewoman to the two Sister.*

Nurse.

Servants.

TO

THE WORTHILY Honoured, *Henry Osborne* Esquire.

SIR,

TIll I be able to give you a better proofe of my service, let not this oblation be despised. It is a Tragedy which received encouragement and grace on the *English* Stage; and though it come late to the Impression, it was the second birth in this kinde, which I dedicated to the Scene, as you have Art to distinguish; you have mercy and a smile, if you finde a Poem infirme through want of age, and experience the mother of strength. It is many yeares since I see these papers, which make haste to kisse your hand; if you doe not accuse the boldnesse and pride of them; I will owne the child, and beleeve Tradition so farre, that you will receive no dishonour by the acceptance; I never affected the wayes of flattery: some say I have lost my preferment, by not practising that Court sinne; but if you dare beleeve, I much honour you, nor is it upon guesse, but the taste and knowledge of your abilitie and merit; and while the Court wherein you live, is fruitfull with Testimonies of your mind, my Character is seal'd up, when I have said that your vertue hath taken up a faire lodging. Read when you have leasure, and let the Author be fortunate to be knowne

Your Servant,

IAMES SHIRLEY.

A Catalogue of ſuch things as hath beene Publiſhed by *James Shirley* Gent.

TRaytor.
Witty Faire one.
Bird in a Cage.
Changes, or *Love in a Maze.*
Gratefull Servant.
Wedding.
Hide Parke.
Young Admirall.
Lady of Pleaſure.
Gamſter.
Example.
Dukes Miſtreſſe.
Ball.
Chabot Admirall of France.
Royall Maſter.
Schoole of Complements.
Contention for Honour and Riches.
Triumph of peace, a Maſque.
Maides Revenge.

THE MAIDES REVENG.

Actus. I. *Scæna* I.

Enter Sebestiano and Antonio.

Seb.

THe noble curteſies I have receivēd
At *Lisbone* worthy friend, ſo much engagē me
That I muſt dye endebted to your worth,
Vnleſſe you mean to accept what I've ſtudied,
Although but partly to diſcharge the ſumme
Due to your honour'd love.

Ant. How now *Sebaſtiano* will you forfeit
The name of friend, then I did hope our love
Had outgrowne complement.

Seb. I ſpeake my thoughts,
My tongue and heart are relativēs, I thinke
I have deſerved no baſe opinion from you;
I wiſh not onely to perpetuate
Our friendſhip, but to exchange that commoń namē
Of friend, for

Ant. What? take heede, do not prophane;
Wouldſt thou be more then friend? it is a name,
Vertue can onely anſwer to, couldſt thou
Vnite into one, all goodneſſe whatſoe're

Mortality can boaſt of, thou ſhalt finde,
The circle narrow bounded to containe
This ſwelling treaſure; every good admits
Degrees, but this being ſo good it cannot:
For he's no friend is not ſuperlative.
Indulgent parents, brethren, kindred, tied
By the naturall flow of blood; alliances,
And what you can imagine, is to light,
To weigh with name of friend: they executē
At beſt, but what a nature pron[illegible] e'm to,
Are often leſſe then friends, when they remaine
Our kinſmen ſtill, but friend is never loſt.

Seb. Nay then *Antonio* you miſtake, I meane not
To leave of friend, which with another title
Would not be loſt, come then Ile tell you Sir,
I would be friend and brother, thus our friendſhip
Shall like a diamond ſet in gold not looſe
His ſparkling, but ſhew fairer; I have a paire
Of ſiſters, which I would commend, but that
I might ſeeme partiall, their birth and fortunes
Deſerving noble love; if thou beeſt free
From other faire ingagement, I would be proud
To ſpeake them worthy, come ſhalt go and ſee them:
I would not beg them ſutors, fame hath ſpred
Through *Portugall* their perſons, and drawne to *Avero*
Many affectionate gallants.

Ant. *Catalina* and *Berinthia*.

Seb. The ſame.

Ant. Report ſpeakes loud their beauties, and no leſſe
Vertue in either, well, I ſee you ſtrive
To leave no merrit where you meane to honour,
I cannot otherwiſe eſcape the cenſure
Of one ingratefull, but by waiting on you
Home to *Avero*.

Seb. You ſhall honour me,
And glad my noble Father, to whom you are
No ſtranger, your owne worth before, hath beene

ſuffi-

Sufficient preparation. *Ant.* Ha?
I have not ſo much choiſe *Sebaſtiano*,
But if one Siſter of *Antonios*,
May have a commendation to your thoughts,
I will not ſpend much Art in prayſing her,
Her vertue ſpeake it ſelfe, I ſhall be happy,
And be confirmd your brother, though I miſſe
Acceptance at *Avero*.
Seb. Still you out doe me, I could never wiſh
My ſervice better plac'd, at opertunity
Ile viſit you at *Eluas*, i'th meane time
Lets haſt to *Averò*, where with you Ile bring
My double welcome, and not faile to ſecond
Any deſigne.
Ant. You ſhall teach me a leſſon
Againſt we meete at *Eluas* Caſtle ſir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gaſpar de Vilarezo, and a Servant.

Vil. What gallants ſirra are they newly entred?
Ser. Count *de Monte Nigro* my Lord, and *Don Valaſco*,
Vil. Give your obſervance then, I know their buſineſſe;
Catalina and *Berinthia* are the ſtarrs
Direct them hither, *Gaſpars* houſe ſhall give
Reſpect to all, but they are two ſuch Iewels,
I muſt diſpoſe maturely, I ſhould elſe
Returne ingratitude upon the heavens
For leaving me ſuch pledges, nor am I,
Like other fathers carried with the ſtreame
Of love toth youngeſt, as they were in birth
They had my tenderneſſe, *Catalina* then
Is eldeſt in my care, *Berinthia*
Her childs part too, both faire and vertuous;
But daughters are held loſſes to a family,
Sonnes onely to maintaine honour and ſtemme
Alive in their poſterity, and I now thinke on't,
My ſonne *Sebaſtiano* hath beene ſlow
In his returne from *Lisbone*, oh that boy
Renewes my age with hope, and hath returnd

My care in education, weight for weight
With noble quality, well belov'd hyth best
Oth Dons in *Spaine* and *Portingall*, whose loves
Do often stretch his absence to such length
As this hath beene.

Enter Count de monte Nigro, and Catalina.

But heres my eldest daughter
With her amorous Count, Ile not be seene, *Exit.*

Cata. You have beene absent long my noble Count,
Beshrew me but I dreamt on you last night.

Count. Ha ha, did you so, I tickle her in her sleep I perceive;
Sweete Lady I did but like the valiant beast,
Give a little ground, to returne with a greater
Force of love, now by my fathers sword
And gauntlet thart a pretious peece of vertue,
But prethee what didst dreame of me last night?

Cata. Nay twas an idle dreame, not worth the repitition,

Count. Thou dreamst I warrant thee, that I was fighting
For thee up to the knees in blood, why I dare doo't,
Such dreames are common with Count *de monte*
Nigro, my sleepes are nothing else but rehearsals of
Battels, and wounds, and ambuscadoes, *Donzell Delphebo*
Was a Mountebanke of vallour, *Roscibeere* a puffe;
My dreames deserve to be ith Chronicles.

Cata. Why, now my dreame is out, *Count.* What?

Cata. I dreamt that you were fighting. *Count.* So.

Cata. And that in single combate, for my sake
You slew a giant, and you no sooner had
Rescued my honour, but there crept a pigmee
Out of the earth, and kild you.

Count. Very likely, the valliantst man must dye.

Cata. What by a pigmee?

Count. I, thats another giant, I remember *Hercules*
Had a conflict with'em, oh my *Dona*
Catalina I well would I were so happy once to
Maintaine some honourable duell for thy sake, I shall
Nere be well, till I have kild some body; fight, tis true

I have never yet fleſht my ſelfe in blood,no body
Would quarell with me,but I finde my ſpirit prompt
If occaſion would but winke at me,why not? wherefore has
Nature given me theſe brawny armes,this manly bulke,
And theſe Colloſſian ſupporters,nothing but to ſling
The ſledge,or pitch the bare,and play with
Axletrees; if thou loveſt me,do but command me
Some worthy ſervice;pox a dangers I weigh 'em no
More than fleabitings,would ſome body did hate that
Face,now I wiſh it with all my heart.

Cata. Would you have any body hate me?

Count. Yes,Ide hate 'em, Ide but thruſt my hand into their
Mouth downe to the bottome of their bellies,plucke
Out their lungs and ſhake their inſides outward.

Enter Berinthia and Valaſco,

Ber. Noble Sir,you neede not heape more proteſtations,
I do beleeve you love me.

Val. Doe you beleeve I love,and not accept it?

Ber. Yes I accept it too,but apprehend me
As men doe guifts,whoſe acceptation does not
Binde to performe what every giver craves;
Without a ſtaine to virgin modeſty
I can accept your love,but pardon me,
It is beyond my power to grant your ſuite.

Val. Oh you too much ſubject a naturall guift,
And make your ſelfe beholding for your owne:
The Sunne hath not more right to his owne beames,
With which he gildes the day,nor the Sea lord
Of his owne waves.

Ber. Alaſſe, what iſt to owne a paſſion
Without power to direct it,for I move,
Not by a motion I can call my owne,
But by a higher rapture,in obedience
To a father,and I have yet no freedome
To place affection,ſo you but endeere me
Without a merit.

Cata. Heres my ſiſter.

Con. And *Don Valasco*, how now, are thy arrowes feathred?
Val. Well enough for roving.
Count. Roving I thought to.
Val. But I hope faire.
Count. Shoote home then; *Valasco* I have
Presented my mistris with a paper of verses, see she
Is reading of 'em.
Val. Didst make 'em thy selfe.
Con. My money did, what an idle question is that? as tho we
That are great men, are not furnished with stipendary
Muses, I am sure for my owne part I can buy 'em
Cheaper than I can make 'em a great deale, would
You have learning have no reward, she laughs
At 'em, I am glad of that.
Ber. They savour of a true Poeticke fury.
Count Do you smell nothing, something hath some savour.
Cata. But this line my thinks hath more feete than the rest.
Con. It sho'd run the better for that Lady, I did it a purpose.
Cata. But heres another lame.
Count. That was my conceit, my owne invention, lame
Halting verses, theres the greatest Art, besides I
Thereby give you to understand, that I am valiant,
Dare cut of legs and armes at all times, and make 'em
Goe halting home that are my enemies, I am
An Iambographier, now it is out.
Cata. For honours sake what's that?
Count. One of the sourest versifiers that ever crept out of
Pernassus when I set on't, I can make any body hang himselfe
With pure Iambicks, I can fetch blood with *Ascelpiads*
Sting, with *Phalenciums* whip, with *Saphicks*
Bastinado, with hexameter and pentameter, and
Yet I have a trimeter left for thee my *Dona Catalina*.
Ber. Conclude a peace sir with your passion,
I am sory love hath beene unkind to you,
To point at me, who, till she first have knit
The sacred knot of marriage, am forbid
To thinke of love.

Val.

Val. But I cannot desist,
I am in love with every thing you say,
This your deniall as it comes from you
Bids me still love you, pardon faire *Berinthia*,
Valasco hath not power to rule himselfe;
Be you lesse faire, or vertuous, perhaps
I may abate my service.

Enter Vilarezo, Sebestiano, and Antonio.

Vila. Old *Gaspars* house is honourd by such guests,
Now by the tombe of my progenitors,
I envied, that your fame should visit me
So oft without your person, *Sebestiano*
Hath beene long happy in your noble friendship,
And cannot but improve himselfe in vertues,
That lives so neere your love.

Cata. Don Antonio de Riviero.

Seb. The same.

Cata. With whose noble worth
You oft have fill'd discourse, thought your selfe happy
In his choyce friendship; if his body cary
So many graces, it is heaven within,
Where his soule is.

Vila. Sebastiano, thou hast largely recompene'd
Thy tedious absence, you shall dishonour me,
Vnlesse you thinke your selfe as welcome here,
As at your *Eluas* Castle, *Vilarezo*
Was once as you are sprightly, and though I say it
Maintaind my fathers reputation,
And honour of our house with actions
Worthy our name and family, but now,
Time hath let fall cold snow upon my haires,
Ploughed on my browes the furrowes of his anger,
Disfurnishd me of active blood, and wrapt me
Halfe in my feare cloth, yet I have minde
That bids me honour vertue, where I see it
Bud forth and spring so hopefully.

Anto. You speake all nobleness, and encourage me.

To ſpend the greeneneſſe of my riſing yeares
So to thadvantage, that at laſt I may
Be old like you.
Vila. Daughters ſpeake his welcome, *Catalina.*
Cata. Sir you are moſt welcome.
Count. Howes that? ſhe ſayes he is moſt welcome, he were
Not beſt love her, ſhe never made me ſuch a reverence
For all the kiſſes I have beſtowed upon her ſince
I firſt opened my affection, I do not like this
Fellow, I muſt be faine to uſe doctor *Sharkins* cunning.
Val. It were not truely noble to affront him;
My blood boyles in me, it ſhall coole againe,
The place is venerable by her preſence,
And I may be deceiv'd, *Valaſco* then
Keepe diſtance with thy feares.
Anto. How now *Antonio*, where haſt thou loſt thy ſelfe?
Strucke dead with Ladies eyes? I could ſtar-gaze
For ever thus, oh pardon love, gainſt whom
I often have prophan'd, and mockd thy fires,
Thy flames now puniſh me, let me collect:
They are both excellent creatures, there is
A Majeſtie in *Catalinaes* eye, and every part carries ambition
Of Queene upon it, yet *Berinthia*
Hath ſomething more than all this praiſe, though ſhe
Command the world, this hath more power ore me;
Here I have loſt my freedome, not the Queene
Of love could thus have wounded poore *Antonio*:
Ile ſpeake to her; Lady I'm an Novice, yet in love.
Ber. It may be ſo.
Anto. She jeſts at me, yet I ſhould be proud to be
Your ſervant.
Ber. I entertaine no ſervants that are proud.
Val. Divine *Berinthia*!
Anto. She checks my rudeneſſe that ſo openly
I ſeeme to court her, and in preſence too
Of ſome that have engaged themſelves perhaps
To her already.

Vila.

Vila. Come let us in, my houſe ſpreads to rēceivē you,
Which you may call your owne, Ile leade the way.
Cata. Pleaſe you walke Sir.
Ant. It will become me thus to waite on you. *Exeunt.*
manet Count. and Valaſco.
Count. Does not the foole ride us both?
Val. What foole? both, whom?
Count. That foole, both us, we are but horſes and may
Walke one another for ought I ſee before the doore, when he
Is alight and entred. I do not reliſh that ſame
Novice, he were not beſt gull me; harke you Don
Valaſco, what ſhals doe?
Val. Doe, why?
Count. This *Antonio* is a ſutor to one of 'em.
Val. I feare him not.
Coun. I do not feare him neither, I dare fight with him, and
He were ten *Antonios*, but the Ladies *Don*, the Ladies.
Val. *Berinthia*, to whom
I pay my love devotions, in my eare
Seemd not to welcome him, your Lady did.
Count. I but for all that he had moſt mind to your miſtris,
And I do not ſee but if he purſue it,
There is a poſſibility to ſcale the fort, Ladies
Mindes may alter, by your favour, I have leſſē
Cauſe to feare o'th two; if ht love not *Catalina*
My game is free, and I may have a courſe in
Her Parke the more eaſily.
Val. Tis true, he preferred ſervice to *Berinthia*,
And what is ſhe then to reſiſt the vowes
Antonio if he love, dare heape upon her?
He's gracious with her father, and a friend
Deere as his boſome to *Sebaſtiano*,
And may be is directed by that brother
To aime at her, or if he make free choyce,
Berinthias beauty will draw up his ſoule.
Count. And yet now I thinke on't, he was vēry ſawcy
With my love to ſupport her armē, which ſhe

Accepted too familiarly, and ſhe ſhould
But love him, it were as bad for me, for tho he care
Not for her, I am ſure ſhe will never abide me after it,
By this hilts I muſt kill him, theres no remedy,
I cannot helpe it.

Val. Ile know my deſtiny.

Count. And I my fate but here he comes. *Enter Antenso.*

Ant. The ſtrangeſt reſolution of a father
I ever heard, I was covetous
To acquaint him with my wiſhes, praid his leave
I might be ſervant to *Berinthia*,
But thus he briefly anſwered, untill
His eldeſt daughter were diſpos'd in marriage
His youngeſt muſt not love, and therefore wiſht mẽ,
Vnleſſe I could place *Catalina* here,
Leave off ſoliciting, yet I was welcome,
But fed on nothing but *Berinthia*,
From whoſe faire eyes love threw a thouſand flames
Into *Antonios* heart, her cheeks bewraying
As many amorous bluſhings, which brake out
Like a forc'd lightning from a troubled cloud,
Diſcovering a reſtraint, as if within
She were at conflict, which her colour onely
Tooke liberty to ſpeake, but ſoone fell backe,
And as it were checkt by ſilence.

Con. Ile ſtay no longer, ſir a word with you, arẽ you deſperate?

Ant. Deſperate, why ſir?

Count. I aske and you be deſperate, are you weary of your
Life, and you be, ſay but the word; ſome body can tell
How to diſpatch you without a phyſitian, at a minuits
warning.

Anto. You are thẽ noble Count *de monte Nigro*.

Count. I care not a Spaniſh fig what you count me, I muſt
Call you to account ſir; in briefe the Lady
Dona Catalina is my miſtris, I do not meane to be baffled
While this toole has any ſteele in't, and I have ſome
Mettall in my ſelfe too.

Ant.

Ant. The *Dona Catalina*? do you love her? *Enter Vala. Sebast. Cata. Ber.*
She is a Lady in whom onely lives
Natures and Arts perfection, borne to shame
All former beauties, and to be the wonder
Of all succeeding, which shall fade and wither
When she is but remembred.
Count. I can endure no more, Diablo, he is mortally in love
With *Catalina.*
Vala. Tis so, he's tane with *Catalinaes* beautie.
Count. Sir I am a servant of that Lady, therefore eate up
Your words, or you shall be sensible that I am Count
De monte Nigro, and she's no dish for *Don Antonio.*
Ant. Sir I will do you right.
Count. Or I will right my selfe.
Cata. He did direct those prayses unto mē
This doth confirme it.
Ber. He cannot so soone alter,
I shall discover a passion through my eyē.
Count. Thou shewest thy selfe a noble Gentleman, the
Count is now thy friend.
Ant. Does it become me sir, to prosecute
Where such a noble Count is intēressed,
Vpon my soule I wish the Lady yours,
Here my suite fals, with tender of my servicē;
Would you were married, nay in bed together
My honourable Count.
Cata. Your face is cloudy sir, as you suspected
Your presence were not welcome; had you naught
But title of a brothers friendship, it were
Enough to oblige us to you, but your worth
In *Catalinaes* eies, bids me proclaime you
A double acceptation.
Ant. Oh you are bounteous Ladie.
Count. Sir —
Ant. Doe not feare me,
I am not worthie your opinion,
It shall be happinesse for me to kisse

This Ivory hand.

Count. The whilſt I kiſſe her lip and be immotall.

Seb. *Antonio* my father is a rocke,
In that he firſt reſolved, and I account it part of my
Owne unhappineſſe, I hope you hold me not ſuſpected.

Ant. I were unworthy ſuch a friend, his care
Becomes him nobly ; has not younder Count
Some hope of *Catalina*.

Seb. My father thinkes that ſiſter worthy of
More than a bare Nobility.

Ant. Ile backe to *Elnas* noble ſir,
This entertainement is ſo much above
Antonios merit, if I leave you not
I ſhall be out of hope to ——

Vila. Nay then you mocke me ſir, you muſt not leave mē
Without diſcourteſie ſo ſoone, we triſſle time,
This night you are my gueſt, my honored Count,
My Don *Valaſco*.

Count. Yes my Lord, wee'le follow.

Ant. Ha I am reſolv'd, like Barge-men when they row.
Ile looke auother way then that I goe. *Exeunt.*

Actus 2. Scæna 1.

Enter Catalina and Anſilva.

Cata. *Anſilva* you obſerve with curious eye
All Gentlemen that come hither, whats your opinion.
Of *Don Antonio* ?

Anſ. My opinion Madam, I want Art.
To judge of him.

Cata. Then without Art your judgement.

Anſ. He is one of the moſt accompliſht Gentlemen
Anſilva ere beheld, pardon Madam.

Cata. Nay, it doth not diſpleaſe, 'yare not alone,
He hath friends to ſecond you, and who doſt thinke
Is cauſe he tarrries here.

Anſ. Your noble father will not let him goe.

Cata.

Cata. And canſt thou ſee no higher? then thou art dull.
Anſ. Madam, I gueſſe at ſomething more.
Cata. What?
Anſ. Love?
Cata. Of whom?
Anſ. I know not that.
Cata. How not that? Thou'dſt bring thy former truth
Into ſuſpition, why tis more apparant
Then that he loves.
Anſ. If judging eyes may guide him,
I know where he ſhould chuſe, but I have heard
That love is blind.
Cata. Ha? (not his
Anſ. Vertue would direct him Madam unto you, I know
Obedience, I ſhall repent if I offend.
Cata. Tha'rt honeſt, be yet more free, hide not a thought that may concerne it.
Anſ. Then Madam I thinke he loves my Lady *Berinthia*;
I have obſerv'd his eyes rowle that way,
Even now I ſpied him
Cloſe with her in the Arbour, pardon me Madam.
Cata. Th'aſt done me faithfull ſervice, be yet more vigilant,
I know thou ſpeakſt all truth, I doe ſuſpect him, *Exit Anſ.*
My ſiſter, ha? Dare ſhee maintaine contention?
Is this the dutie bindes her to obey
A fathers precepts, tis diſhonour to me. *Enter Anſilva.*
Anſ. Madam, heres a pretty hanſome ſtripling new alight,
Enquires for *Don Antonio.*
Cata. Let me ſee him, 'twill give mē good occaſion to be
My owne obſerver; *Enter Diego.*
Whom would you ſir?
Die. I am ſent in queſt of *Antonio.*
Cata. He ſpeakes like a Knight errant, he comēs in queſt.
Die. I have heard it a little vertue in ſome Spanniels to
Queſt now and then Lady.
Cata. But you are none.
Die. My Mr. cannot beate me from him Madam, I am onē of
The oldeſt appurtenances belonging to him, and yet I

Have little moſſe in my chinne.

Cata. The more to come, a wittie knave.

Die. No more wit then will keep my head warme, I beſeech you amiable Virgin help my Maſter *Antonio* to ſome intelligence that a ſervant of his waits to ſpeake with him from his ſiſter *Madona Caſtabella.*

Cata. It ſhall not neede ſir, Ile give him notice my ſelfe, *Anſilva* Entertaine time with him. *Exit.*

Anſ. A promiſing young man.

Die. Doe you waite on this Lady?

Anſ. Yes ſir.

Die. Wee are both of a tribe then, though wee differ in our ſexe, I beſeech you taxe me not of immodeſty, or want of breeding, that I did not ſalute you upon the firſt view of your perſon, this kiſſe ſhall be as good as preſſe-mony to bind me to your ſervice.

Anſ. 'Yare very welcome, by my virginity. *Exit.*

Die. Your virginitie a good word to ſave an oath, for all ſhe made me a curſie, it was not good manners to leave mee ſo ſoone 'yare very welcome by my virginity; was ſhe afraid of breaking, it may be ſhe is crack'd already, but here ſhe is againe. *Enter Anſilva.*

Anſ. May I begge your name ſir?

Die. No begger ſweet, would you have it at length, then My name is Signior *Baltazaro Clere Mantado,*
But for brevities ſake they call me *Diego.*

Anſ. Then Signior *Diego* once more you are welcome.

Die. *Bazelez manes Signiora*, and what my tongue is not able to expreſſe, my head ſhall; it ſeemes you have liv'd long a Virgin.

Anſ. Not above ſeven or eight and thirty yeares.

Die. By Lady a tried Virgin, you have given the world A large teſtimony of your virginity.

Enter Ant. Berin. and Catal.

Ber. I ſhould be thus a diſobedient daughter
A Fathers Heſts are ſacred.

Ant. But in love
They have no power, it is but tyranny,

Plaine

Plaine uſurpation to command the minde
Againſt its owne election; I am yours,
Vow'd yours for ever, ſend me not away
Shipwrack'd ith' habour, ſay but you can love me,
And I will waite an age, not wiſh to move
But by commiſſion from you, to whom
I render the poſſeſſion of my ſelfe:
Ha? we are betrai'd, I muſt uſe cunning,
She lives in you, and take not in worſe ſence;
You are more gracious, in that you are
So like your eldeſt ſiſter, in whom lives
The coppy of ſo much perfection,
All other ſeeme to imitate.

Cata. Does he not praiſe me now?

Ant. But here ſhe is,
Madam, not finding you ith' garden,
I met this Lady.

Cata. I came to tell you
A ſervant of yours attends with letters from
Your ſiſter *Madona Caſtabella.*

Ant. Diego what newes?

Die. Sir, my Lady remembers her love, theſe letters informe you the ſtate of all things.

Cata. What ſerious conference had you ſiſter with that Gentleman.

Ber. Would you had heard them ſiſter, they concern'd your Commendations.

Cata. Why ſhould he not deliver them to my ſelfe.

Ber. It may be then
You would have thought he flattered.

Cata. I like not this rebound,
Tis faireſt to catch at fall.

Ber. Siſter, I hope
You have no ſuſpition, I have courted
His ſtay or language on my life no accent
Fell from me, your owne eare would not have heard
With acceptation.

Cata. It may be ſo, and yet I dare acquit you,

In duty to a Father, you would wiſh me
All due reſpect, I know it.
Ant. Diego. *Die.* Sir.
Ant. You obſerve the waiting creatures in the blacke,
Harke, you apprehend me. *Whiſper.*
Die. With as much tenacity as a ſervant.
Cat. I hope ſir, now we ſhall enjoy you longer.
Ant. The gods would ſonner be ſicke with *Nectar*, than
Crow weary of ſuch faire ſocietie ; (*Antonio*
But I am at home expected, a poore ſiſter,
My fathers care alive, and dying was
His Legacy, having out-ſtaid my time
Is tender of my abſence.

Enter Vilarezo, Sebaſtiano, Count, and Valaſco.

Cata. My Lord *Antonio* meanes to take his leave.
Vila. Although laſt night you were inclin'd to goe,
Let us prevaile this morning.
Cat. A ſervant of his, he ſaies, brought letters
To haſten departure.
Vila. Why ſirra, will you rob us of your maſter.
Die. Not guilty my Lord.
Count. Sir, if you'le needs go, we'le bring you on your way.
Ant. I humbly thank your honour, Ile not be ſo troubleſome.
Count. Would you were gone once, I doe not meane to
trouble my ſelfe ſo much I warrant thee.
Ant. I have now a charge upon me, I hope it may
Excuſe me, if I haſten my returne.
Vila. Tis faire, and reaſonable, well ſir, my ſonne
Shall waite on you oth' way, if any occaſion
Draw you to *Avero*, lets hope you'le ſee us,
You know your welcome.
Ant. My Lord the favours done me, would proclaime
I were too much unworthy not to viſit you,
Oft as I ſee *Avero*; Madam I part with ſome unhappineſſe
To loſe your preſence, give me leave I may
Be abſent your admirer, to whoſe memory
I write my ſelfe a ſervant,
Count. Poxe on your complement, you were not beſt wtite

In

In hēr table-bookes.

Cata. You doe not know
What power you have o're me, that but to pleaſe you,
Can frame my ſelfe to take a leave ſo ſoone.

Vala. What thinke you of that my Lord?

Count. Why, ſhe ſayes ſhe has power to take her leave
So ſoone, no hurt ath' world in't, I hope ſhe is an
Innocent Lady. *To Berinth.*

Ant. The ſhallow rivers glide away with noiſe,
The deepe are ſilent, fare you well Lady.

Count. I told you he is a ſhallow fellow.

Vala. I know not what to thinke on't *Berinthia.*

Ant. Gentlemen happineſſe and ſucceſſe in your deſires.

Seb. Ile ſee you a league or two.

Vila. By any meanes, nay ſir.

Ant. Diego.

Die. My Lord I have a ſuite to you before I goē.

Vila. To me *Diego*, prethee ſpeake it.

Die. That while other Gentlemen are happy to devidē their affections among the Ladies, I may have your honours leave to beare ſome good-will to this Virgin: *Cupid* hath throwne a dart at me, like a blinde buzzard as he was, and theres no recovery without a cooler; if I be ſent into theſe parts, I deſire humbly I may be bould to rub acquaintance with Miſtreſſe *Anſilva.*

Vila. With all my heart *Diego.*

Die. Madam, I hope y u will not be an enemy to a poorē Flye that is taken in the flame of the blind god.

Cata. You ſhall have my conſent ſir.

Vila. But what ſay s *Anſilva*, haſt thou a mind to a husband?

Anſ. I feare I am too young ſeven yeares hence were time enough for me.

Seb. Shees not full fortie yet ſir.

Die. I honour the Antiqu tie of her maidenhead, thou Miſtreſſe of my heart.

Ant. Come lets away *Diego* our horſes-----

Vila. We'le bring you to the gate.

Count. Yes, wee'le bring him out of doores, would wee

were ſhut of him. *Exeunt. manet Anſilva.*

Anſ. Hay ho, who would have thought I ſhould have benne in love with a ſtripling, have I ſeene ſo many maidenheades ſuffer before me, and muſt mine come to the blocke at fortie yeares old, if this *Diego* have the grace to come on, I ſhall have no power to keepe my ſelfe chaſt any longer; how many maides have beene overrunne with this love? but heres my Lady. *Exit.*

Enter Catalina and Valaſco.

Cat. Sir, you love my ſiſter.

Val. With an obedient heart.

Cat. Where do you think *Don Antonio* hath made choice
To place his love?

Val. There where I wiſh it may grow older in deſire,
And be crown'd with fruitfull happineſſe.

Cat. Hath your affection had no deeper roote,
That tis rent up already, I had thought
It would have ſtood a Winter, but I ſee
A Summer ſtorme hath kil'd it, fare you well ſir.

Val. How's this, a Summers ſtorme!
Lady by the honour of your birth,
Put off theſe cloudes, you maze me, take off
The wonder you have put upon *Valaſco*,
And ſolve theſe riddles.

Cat. You love *Berinthia.*

Val. With a devoted heart, elſe may I die
Contempt of all mankinde, not my owne ſoule
Is deerer to me.

Cat. And yet you wiſh *Antonio* may be crown'd
With happineſſe in his love, he loves *Birinthia.*

Val. How?

Cat. Beyond expreſſion, to ſee how a good nature
Free from diſhonour in it ſelfe, is backward
To thinke another guilty, ſuffers it ſelfe
Be poiſoned with opinion, did your eyes
Emptie their beames ſo much in admiration
Of your *Berinthias* beauty, you left none
To obſerve your owne abuſes.

Val.

Vala. Doth not *Antonio* dedicate his thoughts
To your acceptance, 'tis impoſſible,
I heard him praiſe you to the heavens, above 'em;
Made himſelfe hoarſe but to repeate your vertues
As he had beene in extaſie; love *Birinthia?*
Hell is not blacker than his ſoule, if he
Love any goodneſſe but your ſelfe.
Cat. That leſſon he with impudencē hath reade
To my owne eares, but ſhall I tell you ſir?
We are both made but properties to raiſe
Him to his partiall ends, flattery is
The ſtalkeing horſe of pollicy, ſaw you not,
How many flames he ſhot into her eyes
Whēn they were parting, for which ſhe pay'd backē
Her ſubtill teares, he wrung her by the hand,
Seem'd with the greatneſſe of his paſſion
To have beene o're borne, Oh cunning treachēry!
Worthy our juſtice, true he commended me;
But could you ſee the Fountaine that ſent forth
So many cozening ſtreames, you would ſay *Styx*
Were Chriſtall to it, and waſt not to the Count,
Whom he ſuppos'd was in purſuite of me;
Nay, whom he knew did love mē, that he might
Fire him the more to conſummate my marriage
That I diſpoſed he might have of acceſſe
To his belov'd *Berinthia*, the end
Of his deſires I can confirme it, he praid
To be ſo happy with my fathers leave
To be her amorous ſervant, which he nobly
Denied, partly expreſſing your engagements;
If you have leaſt ſuſpition of this truth:
But dee' thinke ſhe love you?
Val. I cannot challenge her, but ſhe has lēt fall
Something to make me hope, how thinke you ſhee's
Affected to *Antonio?*
Cat. May be
Luke warme as yet, but ſoone as as ſhees caught,
Inevitably his, without prevention.

For my owne part I hate him in whom lives
A will to wrong a Gentleman, for hee was
Acquainted with your love, 'twas my respect
To tender so your injury, I could not
Be silent in it, what you meane to doe
I leave to your owne thoughts.

Val. Oh stay sweete Lady, leave me not to struggle
Alone with this universall affliction;
You speake even now *Berinthia* would be his
Without prevention, oh that Antidote,
That Balsome to my wound.

Cat. Alas I pitty you, and the more, because
I see your troubles so amaze your judgement,
Ile tell you my opinion sir oth' sudden;
For him, he is not worth *Valasco's* anger;
Onely thus, you shall discover to my Father,
She promis'd you her love, be confident
To say you did exchange faith to her; this alone
May chance assure her, and if not I hav't:
Steale her away, your love I see is honourable,
So much I suffer when desert is wounded,
You shall have my assistance, you apprehend me.

Val. I am devoted yours, command me ever.

Cat. Keepe smooth your face, and still maintaine your wor-
With *Berinthia*, things must be manag'd (ship
And strucke in the maturity, noble sir; I wish
You onely fortunate in *Berinthias* love.

Val. Words are too poore to thanke you, I looke on you
As my safe guiding starre. *Exit.*

Cat. But I shall prove a wandering starre, I have
A course which I must finish for my selfe.
Glide on thou subtill mover, thou hast brought
This instrument already for thy aymes,
Sister, Ile breake a Serpents egge betimes,
And teare *Antonio* from thy very bosome;
Love is above all law of nature, blood,
Not what men call, but what that hides is good. *Exit.*

Enter Castabella and Villandras.

Vil.

Vil. Be not ſo carefull Cooze, your brothers well.
Be confident if he were otherwiſe
You ſhould have notice, whom hath he to ſharē
Fortunes without you? all his ills are made
Leſſe by your bearing part, his good is doubled
By your communichaing.
Caſt. By this reaſon
All is not well, in that my ignorance
What fate hath hapned, barres me off the portion
Belongs to me ſiſter, but my care
Is ſo much greater, in that *Diego* whom
I charg'd to put on wings, if all were well,
Is dull in his returne. *Enter Antonio and Diego.*
Vil. His Maſter happily hath commanded him
To attend him homewards, this is recompenc'd
Already, looke they are come;
Y'are welcome ſir.
Ant. Oh ſiſter, ere you let fall words of welcome,
Let me unlade a treaſure in your eare
Able to weigh downe man.
Caſt. What treaſure brother, you amazē me.
Ant. Never was man ſo bleſt,
As heavens had ſtudied to enrich mē herē,
So am I fortunate.
Vil. You make mē covetous.
Ant. I have a friend.
Vil. You have a thouſand ſir, is this your treaſure?
Ant. But I have one more worth then millions,
And he doth onely keepe alive that name
Of friendſhip in his breaſt, pardon *Villandros*,
Tis not to ſtraine your love, whom I have tried,
My worthieſt cozen.
Caſt. But where is this ſame friend, why came hē not
To *Eluas* with you, ſure he cannot be
Deare to you Brother, to whom I am not indebted
At leaſt for you.
Die. I havē many deare friends too, my Taylor is one
To whom I am indebted

Ant. His Commiſſion
Stretch'd not ſo farre, a Fathers tie was on him,
But I have his noble promiſe, er't be long,
We ſhall enjoy him.
Caſt. Brother I hope
You know how willingly I can entertaine
Your bliſſe, and make it mine, pray ſpeake the man
To whom we owe ſo much.
Ant. Twere not charity to ſtarve you thus with ſhaddowes,
Take him, and with him in thy boſome locke
The Mirrour of fidelity, *Don Sebaſtiano.*
Caſt. I oft have heard you name him full of worth,
And upon that relation have laid up,
One deare to my remembrance.
Ant. But he muſt be dearer *Caſtabella*, harke you ſiſter,
I have beene bold upon thy vertue, to
Invite him to you, if your heart be free.
Let it be empty ever, if he doe not
Fill it with nobleſt love, to make relation,
What zeale he gave of a worthy nature,
At our laſt parting (when betwixt a ſonne,
And friend he ſo divided his affections
And out did both) you would admire him: were
I able I would build a temple where
We tooke our leave,
The ground it ſelfe was hallowed
So much with his owne piety, *Diego* ſaw it.
Die. Yes ſir, I ſaw, and heard, and wondred.
Ant. Come I will tell you all, to your chamber ſiſter,
Diego our plot muſt on, all time is loſt
Vntill we try the mooving.
Die. If the plot pleaſe you ſir, let me alone to play my part
I warrant you.
Ant. Come *Caſtabella*, and prepare to heare
A ſtory not of length but worth your eare. *Exeunt*

Enter Vilarezo, Valaſco, and Catalina.

Vil. You have not dealt ſo honourably ſir,
As did become you, to proceede ſo farre

Without

Without my knowledge, give me leave to tell you
You are not welcome.
Val. My Lord I am ſorry,
If I have any way trangreſt, I was not
Reſpectleſſe of your honour, nor my fame,
Valaſco ſhall be unhappy, if by him
You ſhall derive a ſtaine, my actions faire,
I have done nothing with *Berinthia*,
To merit ſuch a language, twas not ripe,
For me to interrupt the father, when I knew not
What grace I held with her.
Vil. Hell on her grace, is this her duty? ha,
I can forget my nature if ſhe dare
Make ſo ſoone forfeit of her piety;
Oh where is that ſame awfull dread of Parent,
Should live in children; tis her ambition
To out runne her ſiſter, but Ile curbe her impudence,
Cata. Retire your ſelfe, this paſſion muſt have way,
This workes as I would have it, feare nothing ſir,
Obſcure. *Exit Val.*
Vil. Ile cloyſter her, and ſtarve this ſpirit
Makes her deceive my truſt; *Catalina*
Vpon thy duty I command thee, take
Her cuſtody on thee, keepe her from the eye
Of all that come to *Averro*, let her diſcourſe
With pictures on the wall, I feare ſhe hath
Forgot to ſay her prayers, is ſhe growne ſenſuall?
Cata. But my Lord.
Vil. Oh keepe thy accents for a better cauſe,
She hath contemd us both, thou canſt not ſee
What blemiſh ſhe derives unto our name.
Yet theſe are ſparkes, he hath a fire within,
Will turne all into flames, wheres *Valaſco*?
Cata. Good ſir, a much afflicted worthy Gentleman,
At your diſpleaſure.
Vil. Thou art too full of pitty, nay th'art cruell
To thy owne fame, he muſt not have acceſſe
To proſecute, it was my doting ſinne,

Of too much confidence in *Berinthia*,
Gave her ſuch libertie, on my bleſſing puniſh it,
Twill be a vertuous act, the ſnow I thought
Was not more innocent, more cold, more chaſte,
Why my command bound her in ribs of ice,
But ſhees diſſolv'd, to thee Ile leave her now,
Be the maintainer of thy Fathers vow. *Exit*

Val. Why I am undone now.

Cata. Nothing leſſe, this conflict
Prepares your peace, I am her guardian,
Love ſmiles upon you, I am not inconſtant,
Having more power to aſſiſt you, but away,
We muſt not be diſcri'd, expect ere long
To heere what you deſire.

Val. My bliſſe I remember. *Exit*

Cata. *Berinthia*, y'are my priſoner, at my leiſure
Ile ſtuddy on your fate, I cannot be
Friend to my ſelfe, when I am kind to thee. *Exit*

Actus. 3. Scæna 1.

Enter Sebaſtiano, Berinthia, Anſilva, Diego meetes them.

Seb. WElcome honeſt *Diego*, your Maſter *Antonio* is in health I hope.

Die. He commanded me, remember his ſervice to you, I have obtaind his leave for a ſmall abſence to perfect a ſuite I lately commenc'd in this Court.

Seb. You follow it cloſe me thinks *Berinthia*, Iſee this cloud
Vaniſh already, be not dejected, ſoone
Ile know the depth ont, ſhould the world forſake thee,
Thou ſhalt not want a brother deere *Berinthia*. *Exit*

Secretly gives her a Letter.

Die. This is my Lady *Berinthia*, prethee let me ſhew
Some manners, Madam my Maſter *Antonio* ſpeakes his
Service to you in this paper: alas Madam, I was but
Halfe at home, and I am returnd to ſee if I can recover

The

The tother peece of my ſelfe, ſo, was it not a reaſonable
Complement.

Ber. Antonio, he's conſtant J perceive. *Exit*

Die. So, we are alone, ſweet Miſtreſſe *Anſilva*, J am bold
To renue my ſuite, which leaſt it ſhould either
Fall or depend too long, having paſt my declaration,
I ſhall deſire to come to a judgement.
My cauſe craves nothing but juſtice,
That is, that you would be mine; and now ſincë
Your ſelfe is judge alſo, I beſeech you be not partiall
In your owne cauſe, but give ſentence for the plaintiffe, and
I will diſcharge the fees of the Court on this faſhion.

Enter Berinthia.

Ber. Here is a haven yet to reſt my ſoule on,
In midſt of all unhappineſſe, which I looke on,
With the ſame comfort a diſtreſſed Sea man
A farre off, viewes the coaſt he would enjoy,
When yet the Seas doe toſſe his reeling barke,
Twixt hope and danger, thou ſhalt be conceald.

She miſtaking as ſhe moved, put up the Letter, it fals downe.

Anſ. Heres my Lady *Berinthia.*

Die. What care I for my Lady *Berinthia*, and ſhe thinkes
Much, would ſhe had one to ſtoppe her mouth.

Anſ. But I muſt obſerve her, upon her fathers diſpleaſure,
She is committed to my Ladies cuſtody, who hath made
Me her keeper, ſhe muſt be lockt up.

Die. Ha lockt up.

Anſ. Madam, it is now timë you would retire to your owne
Chamber.

Ber. Yes, prethee doe *Anſilva* in this gallery,
I breathe but too much aire, oh *Diego* youle have
An anſwer I perceive, ere you returne.

Die. My journey were to no purpoſe elſe Madam, I apprë-
hend her, ile waite an opportunity, alas poore Lady, is my
ſweete heart become a jaylor, there's hope of an office with-
out money. *Enter Anſilva haſtily.*

Anſ. Diego I ſpy my Lady *Catalina* comming this way, pray
ſhrowd your ſelfe behinde this cloth, I would be loath ſhee

ſhould ſee us here together, quickely, I heare her treading.

Enter Catalina.

Cata. *Anſelva.* *Anſ.* Madam.

Cata. Who's with you? *Anſ.* No body Madam.

Cata. Was not *Diego* with you, *Antonioes* man?

Anſ. He went from me Madam halfe an houre agoe,
To viſit friends ith' City.

Cat. He hath not ſeene *Berinthia* I hope.

Anſ. Vnleſſe he can pierce ſtone walls Madam, I am ſure.

Cat. Direct *Don Valaſco* hither by the backe ſtaires,
I expect him.

Anſ. I ſhall Madam.

Cat. Ha, whats this? a Letter to *Berinthia*, from whom
Subſcrib'd? *Antonio*, what devill brought this hither?
Furies torment me not, ha, while I am *Antonio*, expect
Not I can be other then thy ſervant, all my thoughts
Are made ſacred with thy remembrance, whoſe hope
Suſtaines my life, oh I drink poyſon from theſe fatall accents,
Be thy ſoule blacker then the inke that ſtaines
The curſed paper, would each droppe had ſaine
From both your hearts, and every Character
Beene tex'd with blood, I would have tir'd mine eyes
To have read you both dead here, upon my life
Diego hath beene the cunning Mercury
In this conveyance, I ſuſpect his love
Is but a property to advance this ſuite.
But I will croſſe um all; *Enter Valaſco.*
Don Valaſco, you are ſeaſonably arriv'd,
I have a Letter for you.

Val. For me?

Cata. It does concerne you. *Val.* Ha.

Cata. How doe you like it ſir?

Val. As I ſhould a Punyard ſticking here, how came
You by it?

Cata. I found it here by accident oth' ground,
I am ſure it did not grow there, I ſuppoſe
Diego, the ſervant of *Antonio*
Who colourably pretends affection

To *Arſilva*, brought it, hees the agent for him,
Now the deſigne appeares, day is not more conſpicuous
Then this cunning.
Val. I am reſolv'd, *Cat.* For what?
Val. *Antonio* or I muſt change our ayre,
This is beyond my patience, ſleepe in this
And never wake to honour, oh my fates,
He takes the freehold of my ſoule away,
Berinthia, and it, are but one creature,
I have beene a tame foole all this while,
Swallowed my poyſon in a fruiteleſſe hope,
But my revenge, as heavy as *Ioves* wrath,
Wrapt in a thunderbolt is falling on him,
Cat. Now you appeare all nobleneſſe, but collect
Draw up your paſſions to a narrow point
Of vengeance, like a burning glaſſe that fires
Sureſt ith ſmalleſt beame, he that would kill,
Spends not his idle fury to make wounds,
Farre from the heart of him he fights withall,
Looke where you moſt can danger, let his head
Bleed out his braines, or eyes, aime at that part
Is deereſt to him, this once put to hazzard,
The reſt will bleed to death.
Val. Apply this Madam.
Cat. The time invites to action, ile be briefe,
Strike him through *Berinthia*. *Val.* Ha.
Cat. Miſtake me not, I am her ſiſter,
Shee is his heart, make her your owne, you have
A double victory, thus you may kill him
With moſt revenge, and give your owne deſires,
A moſt confirm'd poſſeſſion, fighting with him,
Can be no conqueſt to you, if you meane
To ſtrike him dead, purſue *Berinthia*,
And kill him with the wounds he made at you,
It will appeare but juſtice, all this is
Within your fathom ſir.
Val. Tis ſome divinity hangs on your tongue.
Cat. If you conſent *Berinthia* ſhall not ſee,

More ſunnes till you enjoy her.
Val. How deere Madam.
Cat. Thus, you ſhall ſteale her away.
Val. Oh when? *Cat.* Provide
Such truſty friends, but let it not be knowne
Vpon your honour, I aſſiſt you in't.
And after midnight when ſoft ſleepe hath charm'd
All ſences, enter the Garden gate.
Which ſhall be open for you, to know her chamber
A candle ſhall direct you in the Window,
Anſilva ſhall attend too, and provide
To give you entrance, thence take *Berinthia*,
And ſoone convey her to what place you thinke
Secure and moſt convenient, in ſmall time
You may procure your owne conditions;
But ſir you muſt engage your ſelfe to uſe her
With honourable reſpects, ſhe is my ſiſter,
Did not I thinke you noble, for the world
I would not runne that hazzard.
Val. Let heaven forſake me then, was ever mortall
So bound to womans care, my mothers was
Halfe paid her at my birth, but you have made me
An everlaſting debtor.
Cat. Select your friends, bethinke you of a place
You may tranſpoſe her.
Val. I am all wings. *Exit.*
Cat. So, when gentle phyſicke will not ſerve, we muſt
Apply more active, but there is
Yet a receipt behind; *Valaſcoes* ſhallow,
And will be planet ſtrucke, to ſee *Berinthia*
Dye in his armes: tis ſo, yet he himſelfe
Shall carry the ſuſpition, if art,
Or hell can furniſh me with ſuch a poyſon,
Sleepe thy laſt ſiſter, whilſt thou liveſt I have,
No quiet in my ſelfe, my reſt thy grave. *Exit.*

Diego comes from behinde the hangings.

Die. Goe thy wayes, and the devill wants a breeder thou

Art

Art for him, onē ſpirit and her ſelfe are able to furniſh
Hell and it were unprovided; but I am glad I heard all,
I ſhall love hangings the better while I live:
I pereeive ſome good may be done behind em,
But ile acquaint my Lady *Berinthia*,
Heres her chamber I obſerv'd: Madam, Madam
Berinthia. *Berinthia above.*

Ber. Whoſe there?

Die. Tis I *Diego*, I am *Diego.*

Ber. Honeſt *Diego*, what good newes,

Die. Yare undone, undone loſt, undone for ever; it is time now to be ſerious.

Ber. Ha,

Die. Wheres my Maſter *Antonioes* Letter.

Ber. Here, where, ha, alas, I feare I have loſt it.

Die. Alas you have undone your ſelfe, and your ſiſter, my Lady *Catalina* hath found it, and is mad with rage, and envy againſt you; I overheard your deſtruction, ſhe hath ſhewed it to *Don Valaſco*, and hath plotted that he ſhall ſteale you away this night, the doores ſhall be left open the houre after twelve.

Ber. You amaze me, tis impoſſible.

Die. Doe not caſt away your ſelfe, by incredulity, upon my life your fate is caſt, nay more, worſe then that.

Ber. Worſe?

Die. You muſt be poyſoned too, oh ſhees a cunning devill, and ſhe will carry it ſo, that *Valaſco* ſhall bee ſuſpected for your death, what will you doe?

Ber. I am overcome with amazement?

Die. Madam remember with what noble love my Maſter *Antonio* does honour you, and now both ſave your ſelfe, and make him happy, how.

Ber. I am loſt man.

Die. Feare not, I will engage my life for your ſafety,
Seeme not to have knowledge or ſuſpicion, be carefull
What you receive, leaſt you be poyſon'd, leave the
Reſt to me, I have a crotchet in my pate ſhall ſpoyle
Their muſicke, and prevent all danger I warrant you,

By any meanes be ſmooth, and pleaſant, the devils
A knave, your ſiſters a Traytor, my Maſter is your noble
Friend, I am your honeſt ſervant, and *Valaſco* ſhall
Shake his eares like an annimall.

Ber. It is not to be hoped for.

Die. Then cut of my eares, ſlit my noſe, and make a devill of me, ſhall I about it ſay, tis done.

Ber. Any thing thou art honeſt, heaven be neare,
Still to my innocence, I am full of feare.

Die. Spurre cut and away then. *Exeunt*

Enter Signior Sharkino in his ſtudy furniſhed with glaſſes, viols, pictures of wax characters, wands, conjuring habit, Powders paintings, and Scarabeo.

Sh. Scarabeo. *Sca.* Sir.

Sh. Is the doore tongue tide, ſcrue your ſelfe halfe out at one of the crevices, and give me notice what patient approaches me.

Sca. I can runne through the key hole ſir.

Sh. This *fucus* beares
A lively tincture, oh the cheeke muſt bluſh
That weares it, their deceiv'd that ſay
Art is the ape of nature. *Sca.* Sir.

Sh. Who iſt?

Sca. My Ladies apron ſtrings, Miſtris *Anſilva* her chamber-maide. *Sh.* Admit her.

Enter Anſilva.

Anſ. How now raw head and bloody bones, wheres the Doctor *Sharkino*? oh here he is.

Sh. How does your vertuous Ladie.

Anſ. In good health ſir.
Wheres the *Fucus*, and the Powder.

Sh. All is prepared here.

Anſ. To ſee what you can doe, many make legges, and you make faces ſir.

Sh. Variety of faces is now in faſhion, and all little enough for ſome to ſet a good face on't, oh Ladies may now and then commit a ſlip, and have ſome colour for't, but theſe are but the out ſides of our art, the things we can preſcribe to be taken

ken inwardly, are pretty curioſities, we can prolong life.

Anſ. And kill too can you not ?

Sh. Oh any that will goe to the price.

Anſ. You have poyſons I warrant you, how doe they looke, pray lets ſee one.

Sh. Oh naturall, and artificiall, *Neſſas* blood was milke To em, an extraction of Todes and Vipers, looke Heres a parcell of *Claudius Cæſars* poſſet, Given him by his wife *Agrippina*, here is ſome of *Hannibals* medicine he carried alwaies in the Pummell of his ſword, for a dead lift, a very active Poyſon, which paſſing the *Orifice*, kindles Straite a fire, inflames the blood, and makes thē marrow Fry, have you occaſion to apply one.

Anſ. Introth we are troubled with a rat in my Ladies Chamber.

Sh. A Rat, give him his bane, would you deſtroy a City, I have *probatinus* of *Italian* Sallets, and our owne Country figs ſhall doe it rarely, a Rat, I have ſcarſe a poyſon ſo baſe, the worſt is able to kill a man, I have all ſorts, from a minute to ſeven yeares in operation, and leave no markes behinde em, a Rats a Rat.

Anſ. Pray let mē ſee a remover at twelvē houres, and I would be loath to kill the poore thing preſently.

Sh. Here, you may caſt it away upon't, but tis a diſparagement to the poyſon.

Anſ. This will content you.

Sh. Bēcauſe it is for a Rat you ſhall pay no more, my ſervice to my Ladie, my poyſons howſoever I give them, variety of operations are all but one. *Knockes within.* Honeſt Rats bane in ſeverall ſhapes, their vertue is common, and will not be long in killing; you were beſt looke it be a Rat, *Scarabeo.*

Sca. Sir heres a Gallant enquires for Doctor *Sharkino*.

Sh. Vſher him in, it is ſome *Don*.

Enter Count de Monte Nigro.

Count. Is your name *Signior Sharkino* the famous Doctor.

Sh. They

Sh. They call me *Sharkino*.
Count. Doe you not know me?
Sh. Your gracious pardon.
Count. I am *Count de Monte Nigro*.
Sh. Your honours ſublimity doth illuſtrate this habitation;
Is there any thing wherein *Sharkino* may expreſſe
His humble ſervice? if ought within the circumference
Of a Medicinall or Mathematicall ſcience,
May have acceptance with your celſitude,
It ſhall devolve it ſelfe.
Coun. Devolve it ſelfe, that word is not in my Table bookes,
what are all theſe trinkets?
Sh. Take heede I beſeech your honour, they are dangerous,
this is the devils girdle.
Coun. A pox oth devill, what have I doe with him,
Sh. It is a dreadfull circle of conjuration, fortified
With ſacred characters againſt the power
Of infernall ſpirits, within whoſe round I can tread
Safely, when hell burnes round about me.
Coun. Not unlikely.
Sh. Will you ſee the devill ſir?
Coun. Ha, the devill? not at this time, I am in ſome haſt,
Any thing but the devill I durſt fight with all, harke
You Doctor, letting theſe things paſſe, hearing
Of your skill, I am come in my owne perſon, for
A fragment of your art, harke you, have you any
Receipts to procure love ſir?
Sh. All the degrees of it, this is ordinary.
Coun. Nay I would not have it too ſtrong, the Lady I intend it for, is pretty well taken already, an eaſing working thing does it.
Sh. Heres a powder whoſe ingrediences were fetch'd
From *Arabia* the happy, a ſublimation of the Phœnix
Aſhes, when ſhe laſt burned her ſelfe, it beares the
Colour of ſinamon, two or three ſcruples put into
A cup of wine, fetches up her heart ſhe can ſcarſe
Keepe it in, for running out of her mouth to you
My noble Lord.

Count.

Count. That, let me have that, Doctor I know tis deare, Will that gold buy it?

Sh. Your honour is bountifull, there needs no circumstance, Minister it by whom you please, your intention binds it to operation.

Cont. So, so *Catalina*, I will put your mornings draught In my pocket——— *Knocke at the doore* Doctor, I would not be seene.

Sh. Please you my Lord obscure your selfe behinde these hangings then, till they be gone, Ile dispatch 'em the sooner; or if your honour thinke fit, tis but clouding your person with a simple cloake of mine, and you may at pleasure passe without discovery, my Anotomy shall waite on you.

Enter three Servingmen.

1 Prethee come backe yet.

2 Oh by any meanes goe *Iaynes.*

1 Dost thou thinke it possible that any man can tell where thy things are, but he that stole 'em, hee's but a jugling impostor, a my conscience, come backe againe.

2 Nay now wee are at furtheſt, be not rul'd by him, I know he is a cunning man, he told me my fortune once when I was to goe a journey by water, that if I scapt drowning, I should doe well enough, and I have liv'd ever since.

3. Well I will try, I am resolv'd; stay, here hee is *Pedro*, you are acquainted with him, breake the ice, he is alone.

2. Blesse you Mr. Doctor; sir presuming on your Art, here is a fellow of mine, indeede the Butler, for want of a better; has lost a dozen of Dyaper spoones, and halfe a dozen of silver Napkins yesterday, they were seene by all three of us in the morning betweene sixe and seven set up, and what spirit of the Buttery hath stollen 'em before eight, is invisible to our understanding.

3 He hath delivered you the case right. I beseech you sir doe what you can for a servant, that is like to be in a lamentable case else, heres a gratuity.

1. Now we shall see what the devill can do, hey, heres one of his spirits I thinke.

Sh. Betweene 7 and 8. the houre; the 1 *Luna*, the 2 *Sa-*

turne, the 3 *Iupiter*, the 4 *Mars*, the 5 *Sol*, the 6 *Venus*, the 7 *Mercury*, ha then it was ſtolne, *Mercury* is a thiefe, your goods are ſtolne.

3 Was *Mercury* the thiefe, pray where dwells he?

Sh. *Mercury* is above the Moone man.

3. Alas ſir tis a great way thither.

1. Did not I tell you you would be gull'd.

Sh. Well y'arē a ſervant, Ile doe ſomething for you; What will you ſay, if I ſhew you the man that ſtole your Spoones and Napkins preſently, will that ſatisfie you.

3 Ile deſire no more, oh good Mr. Doctor.

1 If he does that, ile beleve he has cunning.

Sh. Goe to, heares a glaſſe.

2 Loe you there now.

Sh. Stand your backes North, and ſtirrē not till I bid you; What ſee you there?

3 Heres nothing.

Sh. Looke agen, and marke, ſtand yet more North.

3 Now I ſee ſomebody. 1 And I.

The Count comes from behind the Hangings and muffled in a cloake ſteales of the Stage.

Sh. Marke this fellow muffled in the cloake, he hath ſtolnē your ſpoones and Napkins, does he not skulke.

1 'Foote tis ſtrange, he lookes like a theefe, this Doctor I ſee is cunning.

3. Oh rogue how ſhall's come by him, oh for an Officer,

Sh. Yet ſtirre not,

3. Oh hees gone, where is he?

Sh. Be not too raſh, my Art tells me there is danger in't, you muſt be blinfold all, if you obſerve me not, all is to no purpoſe, you muſt not ſee till you be forth a doores, ſhut your eyes, and leade one another, when you are abroad open them, and you ſhall ſee agen.

3. The thiefe?

Sh. The ſame, then uſe your pleaſures, ſo, be ſure you ſee not, conduct them *Scarabeo.* *Exeunt.*

Enter a Maid with an Urinall.

Ma. Oh Mr. Doctor I have got this opportunity to come

to you, but I cannot ſtay, heres my water, pray ſweet Mr. Doctor, tell me, I am in great feare that I have loſt ----

Sh. What?

Ma. My maidenhead ſir, you can tell by my water.

Sh. Doſt not thou know?

Ma. Oh I doe ſomewhat doubt my ſelfe, for this morning when I roſe, I found a paire of breeches on my bed, and I have had a great ſuſpition ever ſince, it is an evill ſigne they ſay, and one does not know what may be in thoſe breeches ſometimes; ſweete Mr. Doctor, am I a maid ſtill or no, I would be ſorry to looſe my maidenhead ere I were aware, I feare I ſhall never be honeſt after it.

Sh. Let me ſee *Vrina meretrix*; the colour is a ſtrumpet, but the contents deceive not, your maidenhead is gone.

Ma. And is there no hope to finde it againe?

Sh. You are not every body, by my Art, as in other things that have beene ſtolne, he that hath ſtolne your maidenhead ſhall bring it againe.

Ma. Thanke you ſweet Mr. Doctor, I am in your debt for this good newes; oh ſweet newes ſweet Mr. Doctor. *Exit.*

Enter Count beating before him the three Servingmen, they runne in.

1 Cry your honour mercy, good my Lord.

Count. Out you ſlaves, oh my toes.

Sh. What ayles your Lordſhip?

Count. Doctor, I am out of breath, where bē theſe wormēs crept, I was never ſo abuſed ſince I was ſwadled: harke you; thoſe 3. Rogues that were here even now, began to lay hold of me, and told me I muſt give them their Spoones and Napkins; they made a theefe of mee, but I thinke I have made their fleſh jelly with kickes and baſtinadoes; oh I have no mercy when I ſet on't, I have made e'm all poore *Iohns*, impudent varlets; talke to me of Spoones and Napkins.

Sh. Alas one of them was mad, and brought to me to cure him.

Count. Nay they were all mad, but I thinke I have madded e'm; I feare I have kickt two or three out of their lives; alas

poore wrētches I am ſorry for it now, but J have ſuch an humor of beating & kicking when my footes in once: harke you Doctor, is it not within the compaſſe of your phyſicke to take downe a mans courage a thought lower; the truth is, I am apt of mſelfe to quarrell upon the leaſt affront ith' world, I cannot be kept in, chaines will not hold me: totherday for a leſſe matter than this, I kickt halfe a dozen of high Germans, from one end of the ſtreete to the other, for but offering to ſhrinke betweene mee and the wall; not aday goes o're my head but I hurt ſome body mortally; poxe a theſe rogues, I am ſorry at my heart I have hurt e'm ſo, but I cannot forbeare.

Sh. This is ſtrange.

Count. How? I can ſcarce forbeare ſtriking you now, for ſaying it is ſtrange; you would not thinke it: oh the wounds J have given for a very looke; well harke you, if it be not too late, I would be taken downe, but I feare tis impoſſible, and then every one goes in danger of his life by me.

Sh. Take downe your ſpirit, looke you, dee ſee this inch and a halfe, how tall a man doe you thinke he was? He was twelve cubits high, and three yards compaſſe at the waſte when I tooke him in hand firſt, ile draw him through a ring ere I have done with him: I keepe him now to breake my poyſons, to eate Spiders and Toades, which is the onely diſh his heart wiſhes for; a Capon deſtroyes him, and the very ſight of beefe or mutton makes him ſicke; looke, you ſhall ſee him eate his ſupper, come on your wayes, what ſay you to this Spider? looke how he leapes.

Sca. Oh dainty.

Sh. Here, ſaw you that? how many legges now for the hanch of a Toade.

Sca. Twenty, and thanke you ſir, oh ſweete Tōade, oh admirable Toade.

Count. This is very ſtrange, I nere ſaw the like. I never keew Spiders and Toades were ſuch good meates before; will he not burſt now?

Sh. It ſhall nere ſwell him, by to morrow hee ſhall be an inch

inch abated, and I can with an other experiment plumpe him and highten him at my pleaſure; ile warrant ile take you downe my Lord.

Count. Nay but dee here, doe I looke like a Spider-catcher, or Toade-earer.

Sh. Farre be it from *Sharkino*, I have gentle pellets for your Lordſhip, ſhall melt in your mouth, and take of your valour inſenſibly; Lozenges that ſhall comfort your ſtomacke, and but at a weeke reſtraine your fury two or three thoughts; does your honour thinke I would forget my ſelfe, I ſhew you by this Rat what I can doe by Art: your Lordſhip ſhall have an eaſie compoſition, no hurt ith' world in't; here take but halfe a dozen of theſe going to bed, e're morning; it ſhall worke gently, and in the vertue appeare every day afterward.

Count. But if I find my ſelfe breaking out into fury, I may take e'm often; heres for your pellets of Lozenges, what rare phyſicke is this? Ile put it in practiſe preſently, farewell Doctor. *Exit.*

Sh. Happineſſe wait on your egregious Lordſhip, my phyſicke Shall make your body ſoluble, but for working on your ſpirit, beleeve it when you finde it; with any lies we muſt ſet forth ſiour'mples and compoſitions to utter them: ſo this is a good dayes worke; leane chaps lay up, and becauſe you have perform'd hamſomly, there is ſome ſilver for you, lay up my properties: Tis night already, thus we knaves will thrive, when honeſt plainneſſe know not how to live.

Exeunt.

Enter Catalina and Anſilva.

Cat. Art ſure ſhe has tane it?

Anſ. As ſure as I am alive? ſhe never eate with
Such an appetite, for I found none left, I would
Be loath to have it ſo ſure in my belly, it will worke
Rarely twelve houres hence.

Cata. Thus we worke ſure then, time runnes upon
Th'appointed houre, *Valaſco* ſhould rid me of all my

Feares at once, upon thy life be carefull to direct
Him at his first approach, I am sicke till she
Be delivered; be secret as the night, ile to my
Chamber, be very carefull.

Enter Antonio, Villandras, Diego, vizzarded and arm'd.

Ant. Art sure thou hast the time right.

Die. Doubt not, yonder's her chamber, the light speakes it; softly.

Ans. Whose there? *Vallasco?* *Ant.* I.

Ans. That way, make no noise, things are prepared, softly So, so, this is good I hope and weight too, my Lady *Berinthia* will be sure enough anon, I shall nere Get more higher, I had much adoe to perswade her To the spice, but I swore it was a cordiall my Lady Vs'd her selfe, and poore foole she has swallowed it Sure. *Enter Ant. with Berinthia, Villan. Diego.*

Ant. Madam feare not I am your friend.

Die. Who are you?

Vill. Stop her mouth, away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ansilva.

Ans. So, so, they are gone, alas poore *Valasco* I pitty thee, But we creatures of pollitick Ladies must hold the Same byas with our Mistresses, and tis some pollicy To make them respect us the better, for feare our Teeth be not strong enough to keepe in our tongues: Now must I study out some tale by morning to salute My old Lord withall.

Enter Valasco, a friend or two armed.

Val. *Ansilva?* *Ans.* Some body calls me, who is it?

Val. It is I *Valasco*.

Ans. What comes he backe for? I hope the poyson does Not worke already, where have you dispos'd her.

Val. Dispos'd whom?

Ans. My Lady *Berinthia*.

Val. Let me alone to dispose her, prethee where's the light? Shew us the way.

Ans. What way?

Val. The way to her chamber? come, I know what

You

You are ſicke of, here each minute is an age till
I poſſeſſe *Berinthia.*

Anſ. This is pretty, I hope my Lady is well.

Val. Well?

Anſ. My Lady *Berinthia* ſir.

Val. Doe you mocke me?

Anſ. I mocke you?

Val. I ſhall grow angry, lead me to
Berinthias chamber, or ——

Anſ. Why ſir, were not you here even now, and hurried
Her away, I have your gold well fare all good tokens;
I have perform'd my duty already ſir, and you had my
Lady.

Val. I am abus'd you are a cunning Devill, I heare and had
Berinthia, tell me, or with this piſtoll, I will ſoone
Reward thy treachery, wheres *Berinthia*?

Anſ. Oh I beſeech you doe not fright me ſo, if you were
Not here even now, here was another that call'd
Himſelfe *Valaſco*, to whom I gave acceſſe, and
He has carried her away. *Exit.*

Val. Am I awake? or doe I dreame this horrour?
Where am I? who does know me, are you friends
Of *Don Valaſco*?

1. Doe you doubt us ſir?

Val. I doubt my ſelfe, who am I

2. Our noble friend *Valaſco.*

Val. Tis ſo, I am *Valaſco*, all the Furies
Circle me round, oh teach me to be mad,
I am abus'd, infufferably tormented,
My very ſoule is whipt, it had beene ſafer
For *Catalina* to have plaid with Serpents.

Enter Catalina and Anſilva.

Cat. Thou talkeſt of wonders, where is *Valaſco*?

Anſ. He was here even now.

Val. Who nam'd *Valaſco*?

Cata. Twas I, *Catalina*, here.

Val. Could you picke none out of the ſtocke of man
To mocke but me, ſo baſely?

Cata.

Cata. *Valasco* be your selfe, resume your vertue,
My thoughts are cleare from your abuse, it is
No time to vent our passions, fruitlesse rages,
Some hath abus'd us both, but a revenge
As swift as lightning shall pursue their flight:
Oh I could seare my braines, as you respect
Your honoures safety, or *Berinthias* love;
Haste to your lodging, which being nere our house,
You shall be sent for; seeme to be rais'd up,
Let us alone to make a noise at home,
Fearefull as thunder; try the event, this cannot
Doe any hurt, you *Anselva* shall
With clamors wake the houshold cunningly,
While I prepare my selfe.

Val. I will suspend awhile. *Exeunt.*

Ans. Helpe, helpe, theeves, villaines, murder my Lady:
Helpe oh my Lord, my Lady, murder theeves helpe.

Enter Sebastiano in his shirt with a Taper.

Seb. What fearefull cry is this, where are you?

Ans. Here oh I am almost kil'd.

Seb. *Anselva* where art hurt?

Ans. All over sir, my Lady *Berinthia* is carried away
By Ruffians, that broke into her chamber, alas
Sees gone. *Seb.* Whether? which way?

Enter Vilarezo Catalina.

My sister *Berinthia* is violently tane out of her
Chamber, and heres *Anselva* hurt, see looke about,
Berinthia sister. *Cat.* How *Berin.* gone? call up the servants,
Anselva, how wast?

Ans. Alas Madam, I have not my senses about me, I am so
Frighted, vizards, and swords, and pistols, but my
Lady *Berinthia* was quickly seiz'd upon, shees gone.

Vil. What villaines durst attempt it?

Enter Count Monte de nigro with a torch.

I feare *Valasco* guilty of this rape.

Cat. Runne one to his lodging presently, it will appeare
I know he lov'd her, oh my Lord, my sister *Berinthias* lost;

Mont. How? foote my physicke begins to worke, ile come
to you presently. *Exit.* *Cat.*

Cat. Whēres *Diego*? he is miſſing, runne one to his chamber, heres *Valaſco*. *Enter Valaſco.*

Seb. It is apparant ſir, *Valaſcoes* noble.

Cat. *Berinthias* ſtolne away. *Val.* Ha?

Seb. Her Chamber broken opē, and ſhee tane thence this night.

Val. Confuſion ſtay the theefe.

Mount. So, ſo, as you were ſaying, *Berinthia* was ſtolne away by ſome body, and ——

1. *Ser.* *Diego* is not in his chamber.

Cat. Didſt breake ope the doore?

1. *Ser.* I did, and found all empty.

Mount. How, *Diego* gone? thats ſtrangē, oh it workes againe, Ile come to you preſently. *Exit*

Cat. I doe ſuſpect ——
This ſome plot of *Antonio*,
Diego, a ſubtle villaine,
Confirmes himſelfe an inſtrumēnt by this abſencē;
What thinkeſt *Anſilva*?

Anſ. Indeed I heard ſome of them name *Antonio*.

Vil. Seb, Cat. Ha?

Vil. Tis true upon my ſoule, oh falſe *Antonio*.

Cat. Vnworthy Gentleman.

Val. Let none have the honour to revēnge, but I thē wrongd *Valaſco*, let me beg it ſir.

Vil. *Antonio*, boy up before the day,
Vpon my bleſſing I command thee poſt
To *Eluas* Caſtle, ſummon that falſe man *Enter Count.*
To quit his ſhamefull action, bid him returne
Thy ſiſter backe, whoſe honour will be loſt
For ever in't, if he ſhall dare deny her,
Double thy Fathers ſpirit, call him to
A ſtrickt account, and with thy ſword enforcē him,
Oh I could leape out of my age me thinkes,
And combat him my ſelfe: be thine the glory,
This ſtaine will never waſh off, I feele it ſettle
On all our blood, away, my curſe purſue
This diſobedience. *Exit*

Val. I had an interreſt in *Berinthia*,
Why have not I commiſſion, I have a ſword,
Thirſteth to be acquainted with his veines;
It is too meane a ſatisfaction
To have her rendred, on his heart Ide write
A moſt juſt vengeance.
Seb. Sir ſhe is my ſiſter, I have a ſword dares tēt
A wound as farre as any; ſpare your vallour.
Cat. I have a tricke to be rid of this foole, my Lord
Doe you accompany my brother, you
I know are valiant.
Monnt. Any whither, Ile make me ready preſently. *Exit*
Seb. My moſt unhappy ſiſter. *Exit*
Cat. Oh I could ſurfet, I am confident
Antonio hath her, tis revenge beyond
My expectation, to cloſe up the eyes
Of his *Berinthia*, dying in his armes,
Poyſon'd maturely, miſchiefe I ſhall prove
Thy conſtant friend, let weakeneſſe vertue love.

Actus 4. *Scæna* 1.

Enter Antonio, Berinthia, Caſtabella, Villandras, Sforza, Diego.

Ant. THe welcom'ſt gueſt that ever *Eluas* had
Siſter, *Villandras* yare not ſenſible what treaſure
You poſſeſſe, I have no loves, I would not here divide.
Caſt. Indeed Madam, yare as welcome here, as ere my mother was.
Vil. And you are here as ſafe, as if you had an army for your Guard.
Sfor. Safe armies, and guard; *Berinthia* yare a Lady,
But I meane not to court you: guard? notha, here's
A Toledo, and an old arme, tough bones and ſinewes,
Able to cut off as ſtout a head as wags upon a ſhoulder,
Thart *Antonios* gueſt, welcome by the old bones
Of his Father, th'aſt a wall of braſſe about thee
My young Daffodill.

Vil.

Vil. Nor thinke my noble cozen meaneth you any dishonour here.

Ant. Dishonour, it is a language I never understood, yet
Throw off your feares *Berinthia*, yare ith' power
Of him that dares not thinke
The least dishonour to you.

Sfor. True by this buffe jerkin, that hath look'd ith face of an Army, and he lies like a termagant, denies it, *Antonio* is Lord of the Castle, but ile command fire to the gunnes, upon any Renegado that confronts us, set thy heart at rest my gilloflower, we are all friends I warrant thee, and hees a Turke that does not honour thee from the haire of thy head, to thy pettitoes.

Ant. Come be not sad.

Cast. Put on fresh blood, yare not cheerefull, how doe you?

Ber. I know not how, nor what to answer you,
Your loves I cannot be ungratefull to,
Yare my best friends I thinke, but yet I know not
With what consent you brought my body hither.

Ant. Can you be ignorant what plot was laid
To take your faire life from you.

Ber. If all be not a dreame, I doe remember
Your servant *Diego* told me wonders, and
I owe you for my preservation, but ——

Sfor. Shoote not at Buts, *Cupids* an archer, heres a faire marke, a fooles bolts soone shot, my names *Sforza* still, my double Daisie.

Cast It is your happinesse you have escaped the malice of your sister.

Vil. And it is worth
A noble gratitude to have beene quit,
By such an honourer as *Antonio* is
Of faire *Berinthia*.

Ber. Oh but my Father, under whose displeasure I ever (sinke,

Ant. You are secure

Ber. As the poore Deere that being pursuid, for safety
Gets up a rocke that over hangs the Sea,
Where all that she can see, is her destruction,

Before thē waves, behinde her enemies
Promiſe her certaine ruine.
Ant. Faine not your ſelfe ſo hapleſſe my *Berinthia*,
Raiſe your deſected thoughts, be merry, come,
Thinke I am your *Antonio*.
Caſt. It is not wiſdome
To let our paſſed fortunes, trouble us,
Since were they bad, the memorie is ſweete,
That we have paſt them, looke before you Lady,
The future moſt concerneth.
Ber. You have awak'd me, *Antonio* pardon,
Vpon whoſe honour I dare truſt my ſelfe,
I am reſolv'd, if you dare keepe me here,
T'expect ſome happier iſſue.
Ant. Dare keepe thee here? with thy conſent, I dare
Deny thy Father, by this ſword I dare,
And all the World.
Sfor. Dare, what giant of vallour dares hinder us, from daring to ſlit the weaſands of them that dare ſay, wee dare not doe any thing, that is to be dared under the poles, I am old *Sforza*, that in my dayes have ſcoured rogues faces with hot bals, made em cut croſſe capers, and ſent them away with a powder, I have a company of roring buls upon the wals, ſhall ſpit fire in the faces of any ragamuffian that dares ſay, we dare not fight pell mell, and ſtill my name is *Sforza*.

Enter Diego haſtily.

Die. Sir your noble friend *don Sebaſtiano* is at the caſtle gate,
Ant. Your brother Lady, and my honoured friend,
Why doe the gates not ſpread themſelves, to open
At his arrivall *Sforza*, tis *Berinthiaes* brother,
Sebaſtiano the example of all worth
And friendſhip, is come after his ſweete ſiſter,
Ber. Alas I feare.
Ant. Be not ſuch a coward Lady, he cannot come
Without all goodneſſe waiting on him, *Sforza*,
Sforza I ſay, what pretious time we loſe,
Sebaſtiano, I almoſt loſe my ſelfe
In joy to meete him, breake the iron barres.

And

And give him entrance.
Sfor. Ile breake the wals downe, if thē gates bē too little.
Cast. I much desire to see him.
Ant. Sister, now hees come, he did promise me
But a short absence, he of all the world
I would call brother, *Castabella* more
Then for his sisters love, oh hees a man
Made up of merit, my *Berinthia*
Throw off all cloudes, *Sebastianoes* come.
Ber. Sent by my Father to ------
Ant. What, to see thee? he shall see thee here.
Respected like thy selfe, *Berinthia*,
Attended with *Antonio*, begirt with armies of thy servants.
Enter Sebastiano Mounte Nigro, Sforza.
Oh my friend.
Seb. Tis yet in question sir, and will not bē
So easily proved.
Moun. No sir, wee le make you prove your selfe our friend.
Ant. What face have you put on? am I awake?
Or doe I dreame *Sebastiano* frownes.
Seb. *Antonio* I come not now to Complement,
While you were noble, I was not least of them
You cald your friends, but you are guilty of
An action that destroyes that name.
Sfor. Bones a your Father, does he come to swagger,
My name is *Sforza* then.
Ant. No morē,
I guiltie of an action so dishonourable
Has made me unworthy of your friendship;
Come y'are not in earnest, tis enough I know
My selfe *Antonio*.
Seb. Adde to him ungratefull.
Ant. Twas a foule breath deliverēd it, and wērt any.
But *Sebastiano*, he should feele the weight
Of such a falshood.
Seb. Sister you must along with me.
Ant. Now by my Fathers soule, he that takes hēr hēncē
Vnlesse she give consent, treads on his grave,

Sebastiano, y'are unnoble then,
Tis I that said it.
Mount. So it seemes.
Seb. Antonio, for here I throw of all
The ties of love, I come to fetch a sister,
Dishonourably taken from her father;
Or with my sword to force thee render hĕr:
Now if thou beest a Souldier redeliver,
Or keepe her with the danger of thy person.
Thou canst not be my brother, till we first
Be allied in blood.
Ant. Promise me the hearing,
And that have any satisfaction,
Becomes my fame.
Mount. So, so, he will submit himselfe, it will be our honor.
Ant. Were in your power, would you not account it
A pretious victory, in your sisters cause,
To dye your sword with any blood of him,
Sav'd both her life and honour?
Seb. I were ungratefull.
Ant. You have told your selfe, and I have argumĕnt to
prove this.
Seb. Why would you have me thinke, my sister owes to
you such preservation?
Ant. Oh *Sebastiano*,
Thou dost not thinke what devill lies at home
Within a sisters bosome, *Catalina*,
(I know not with what worst of envy) laid
Force to this goodly building, and through poyson
Had rob'd the earth of more then all the world,
Her vertue.
Seb. You must not beate my resolution off
With these inventions sir.
Ant. Be not cozend,
With your credulity, for my blood, I value it
Beneath my honour, and I dare by goodnesse,
In such a quarrell kill thee: but heare all,
And then you shall have fighting your heart full.

Valasco

Valasco was the man, appointed by
That goodly sister to steale *Berinthia*,
And Lord himselfe of this possession,
Just at that time; but heare and tremble at it,
Shee by a cunning poyson should have breath'd
Her soule into his armes, within two houres,
And so *Valasco* should have borne the shame
Of theft and murther; how doe you like this sir.

Seb. You amaze me sir.

Ant. Tis true by honours selfe, heare it confirm'd,
And when you will, I am ready.

Vil. Pitty such valour should be imployd,
Vpon no better cause, they will enforme him.

Mount. Harke you sir, dee thinke this is true?

Vil. I dare maintaine it.

Mount. Thats another matter, why then the case is
Altered, what should we doe fighting, and lose
Our lives to no purpose.

Sf. It seemes you are his second.

Mount. I am *Count de Monte Nigro*.

Sfor. And my names *Sforza* sir, you were not best to come here to brave us, unlesse you have more legges and armes at home, I have a saza shall picke holes in your doublet, and firke your shankes, my gallimaufry.

Seb. I cannot but beleeve it, oh *Berinthia*,
Iam wounded ere I fight.

Ant. Holds your resolve yet constant? if you have
Better opinion of your sword, then truth,
I am bound to answer, but I would I had
Such an advantage gainst another man,
As the justice of my cause, all vallour fights
But with a sayle against it.

Vil. Take a time to informe your father sir, my noble
Cozen is to be found here constant.

Seb. But will you backe with me then?

Ber. Excuse me brother, I shall fall too soone
Vpon my sisters malice, whose foule guilt
Will make me expect more certaine ruine.

Ant. Now *Sebeſtiano*
Puts on his judgement, and aſſumes his noblenēſſe,
Whilſt he loves equity.
Seb. And ſhall I carry ſhame
To *Villarezoes* houſe, neglect of father,
Whoſe precepts bindes me to returne with her,
Or leave my life at *Eluas*, I muſt on,
I have heard you to no purpoſe, ſhall *Berinthia*
Backe to *Avero*.
Ant. Sir ſhe muſt not yet, tis dangerous.
Seb. Chooſe thee a ſecond then, this Count and I
Meane to leave honor here.
Vill. Honour me ſir.
Ant. Tis donē, *Sebaſtiano* ſhall rēport
Antonio juſt and noble, *Sforza* ſweare
Vpon my Sword, oh doe not hinder me
If victory crowne *Sebaſtianoes* arme.
I charge thee by thy honeſty reſtore
This Lady to him, on whoſe lip I ſeale
My unſtain'd faith.
Mount. Vmh, tis a rare phyſitian, my ſpirit is abatēd.
Caſt. Brother.
Ber. Brother.
Seb. And wilt thou bē diſhonourd?
Ber. Oh doe not wrong the Gentleman, beleeve it
Diſhonour nere dwelt here, and he hath made
A moſt religious vow, not in a thought
To ſtaine my innocence, he does not force me
Remember, what a noble friend, you make
A moſt juſt enemy, he ſav'd my life,
Be not a murtherer, take yet a time,
Runne not your ſelfe in danger for a cauſe
Carries ſo little juſtice.
Mount. Faith ſir, if you pleaſe take a time to thinke on't, a month or two or three, they ſhall not ſay but wee are honorable.
Caſt. You gave him to my heart a Gentleman, *Seb. whiſp.*
Compleate with goodneſſe, will you rob the world

And

And me at once, alas I love him.
Ant. Never man fought with a leſſer heart, the conqueſt
Will be but many deathes, he is her brother,
My friend, this poore girles joy.
Mount. With all my heart, Ile poſt to *Avero* preſently.
Seb. Let it be ſo *Antonio*.
Caſt. Alas pore *Caſtabella*, what a conflict
Feeſt thou within thee, their fight woundeth thee,
And I muſt die, who ere hath victory:
Ant. Then friend againe, and as *Sebaſtiano*,
I bid him welcome, and who loves *Antonio*
Muſt ſpeake that language.
Sfor. Enough, not a Maſty upon the Caſtle walls
But ſhall barke too, I congratulate thee, if thou
Beeleſt friend to the Caſtle of *Elvas*, and ſtill my name
Is *Sforza*.
Ant. Well ſaid my brave *Adelantado*, come *Sebaſtiano*,
And my *Birinthia* by to morrow we ſhall know
The truth of our felicity. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vilarezo.

Vil. What are the Nobles more than common men,
When all their honour cannot free them from
Shame and abuſe; as greatneſſe were a marke
Stucke by them but to give direction
For men to ſhoote indignities upon them?
Are we call'd Lords of riches we poſſeſſe,
And can defend them from the raviſhing hand
Of ſtrangers, when our children are not ſafe
From theeves and robbers, none of us can challenge
Such right to wealth and fortuues of the world,
Being things without us; but our children are
Eſſentiall to us, and participate
Of what we are: part of our very nature,
Our ſelves but caſt into a younger mold,
And can we promiſe, but ſo weake aſſurance
Of ſo neere treaſures. O *Villarezo* ſhall
Thy age be trampled on, no, it ſhall not,
I will be knowne a father, *Portugall*

Shall not report this infamy unreveng'd,
It will be a barre in *Vilarezoes* armes
Past all posterity ; *Enter Catalina.*
Come *Catalina*, thou wilt stay with me,
Prepare to welcome home *Sebastiano*,
Whom I expect with honour, and that baggage
Ambitious girle *Berinthia*.
Cat. Alas sir; censure not her too soone,
Till she appëare guilty. *Vil.* Heres thy vertue still,
To excuse her *Catalina*, no beleeve it,
Shes naught, past hope, I have an eye can see
Into her very heart, thou art too innocent. *Enter Valasco.*
Valasco welcome too, *Berinthia*
Is not come home yet, but we shall seē her
Brought backe with shame ; and ist not justicē, ha?
What can be shame enough?
Val. Your daughter sir?
Vil. My daughter? doe not call her so, she has not
True blood of *Vilarezo* in her veines;
She makes her selfe a bastard, and deserves
To be cut off like a disordered branch,
Disgracing the faire tree she springeth from.
Val. Lay not so great a burthen on *Berinthia*,
Her nature knowes not to degenerate ;
Vpon my life she was not yeelding, to
The injurious action ; if *Antonio*
Have plaied the theefe, let your revenge fall therē,
Which were I trusted with, although I doubt not
Sebastianoes fury, he should feele it
More heavy than his Castle, what can be
Too just for such a sinne?
Vil. Right, right *Valasco*, I doe love thee fort,
Tis so, and thou shalt see I have a sence
Worthy my birth and person.
Val. 'Twill become you, but I marvell we hearē nothing
Of their successe at *Elvas*, by this time
I would have sent *Antonio* to warme
His fathers ashes, doe you not thinke sir?

Sebastiano

Sebaſtiano will not be remiſſe,
A gentle nature is abus'd with tales,
Which they know how to colour; heres the Count.

Enter Monte nigro ſweating.

Cat. How, the Count? I ſent him thither to be rid on him;
The foole has better fortune than I wiſht him,
But now I ſhall heare that, which will more comfort me,
My ſiſters death moſt certainely.

Mont. My Lord, I have rid hard, read there, your ſonne
And daughter is well. *Cat.* Ha, well?

Mount. Madam. *Cat.* How does my ſiſter?

Mount, In good health, ſhe has commendations to you
In that letter. *Val.* And is *Antonio* living?

Mount. Yes, and remembers his ſervice to you,

Val. Has he then yeelded up *Berinthia*?

Mon. He will yeeld up his ghoſt firſt, I know not we were
Going to fleſh baſte one another, I am ſure but the
Matter of fellony hangs ſtill, who will cut it downe;
I know not, Madam theres notable matter againſt you.

Cat. Me?

Mount. Vpon my honor there is, be not angry with me,
No leſſe than theft and murder, that letter is charg'd
Withall, but you'le cleare all I make no queſtion, they
Talke of poyſoning. *Cat.* Am I betray'd?

Mount. Well, I ſmell, I ſmell. *Cat.* What do you ſmell?

Mount It was but a tricke of theirs to ſave their lives,
For we were bent to kill all that came againſt us.

Vil. *Catalina* reade here, *Valaſco*, both of you,
And let me reade your faces, ha? they wonder.

Val. Howes this, I ſteale *Berinthia*?

Cat. I poyſon my ſiſter. *Val.* This doth amaze me.

Cat. Father, this letter ſayes I would have poyſoned my
poore ſiſter, innocence defend me.

Vil. It will, it ſhall, come I acquit you both,
They muſt not thus foole me.

Mount. Madam I thought as much, my minde gave me, it
Was a lye, yes, you looke like a poyſoner, as much
As I looke like a Hobby-horſe.

Cat. Was ever honeſt love ſo abuſed, have I
So poore reward for my affection.
Vil. It ſhall be ſo.
Val. Madam I know not how the poyſon camē in, but I
Feare ſome have betraied our plot.
Cat. And how came you off my noble Count.
Mount. As you ſee without any wounds, but much againſt
My will I was but one, *Sebaſtiano*, that was the
Principall, tooke a demurre upon their allegation:
It ſeemes, and ſo the matter is rak'd up in the Embers.
Val. To make a greater fire, were you ſo cold
To credit his excuſe, *Antonio*,
I ſhould not have beene ſo frozen,
As you love honor and revenge, give me
Some intereſt now, and if I doe not
Shew my ſelfe faithfull, let *Valaſco* have
No name within your memory, let me begge,
To be your Proxie ſir, pitty ſuch blood,
As yours ſhould be ignobly caſt away;
Maddam ſpeake for me.
Cat. No, I had rather loſe this foole.
Mont. And you can get their conſents.
Cat. You cannot ſir in honour now goe backe.
I ſhall not thinke you love me, if my father
Point you ſuch noble ſervice to refuſe it.
Mount. You heare what ſhe ſayes.
Vil. Count *Monte nigro*.
Val. I am all fire with rage.
Vil. *Valaſco*, you may accompany the Count,
There may be imployment of your valour too;
Tell me at your returne, whether my ſonne
May prove a ſouldier, heres new warrant for
Antonioes death, if there be coldneſſe urge it,
Tis my deſire, ile ſtudy a better ſervice.
Val. I ſhall.
Vil. Away then both, no complement, I wiſh you either
Had a Pegaſus, be happy, my old bloud boyles, this
Muſt my peace ſecure, ſuch ſores as theſe muſt

Have a desperate cure. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sebast. Castab. Anton. Berinthia.

Seb. This honor Madam of your selfe and brother,
Make me unhappy, when I remember, what
I came for, not to feast thus but to fight.

Cast. Pitty true friendship should thus suffer.

Ant. Ha? *Seb.* Musicke.

Ant. Somë conceit of *Sforza* thë old Captaine,
Lets entertaine it, some souldiers device,

A maske of Souldiers.

Godamercy *Sforza.*

Sfor. To your stations now my brave brats of Millitary
Discipline, enough, *Sforza* honours you, looke to your
Charge Bullies, and be ready upon all occasions,
My invincible dub a dub knights of the Castle,
Qui vala. *Enter Monnte nigro, Valasco.*

Val. We must speake with *Don Sebastiano.*

Sfor. Must? Th'art a Mushrumpe, mustin the Castle of *Elua.*

Monte nigro gives a letter.

Ant. Friends; *Sforza.*

Val. What, courting Ladies, by this timë 'twas ëxpectëd
You would have courted fame sir, and woed her to you;
You shall know me better.

Ant. I doubt you'le never be better, you shall now owë më
More than you shall account for.

Seb. Or elfe my curfë, that word cries out for death.

Cast. My feates perplexe më. *Anto. & Seb. whispers.*

Val. Madam I doe wonder
You can forgët your honour, and reflect
On such unworthinesse, wherein hath *Valasco*
Shewed you lesse merit.

Ber. Sir it becomes not më
To weigh your worths, nor would I learnë of you
How to preservë my honour.

Seb. Sister.

Ant. *Villandras.*

Seb. Then I must take my leave, for I am sent for,
I am sorry for your fate, Madam I am expected

By a father, your vertue hath made me yours.

Mount. Oh admirable phiſitian!

Ant. *Sforza*, there is no remedie, but by all honour doe it,
Siſter, I am to waite on him, oh my poore girle
Berinthia, my ſoule be with thee, for a
Little time excuſe my abſence.

Sfor. You may walke ſir.

Val. *Antonio* I muſt but now looke on, you were
Beſt take a courſe not to out live him.

Exeunt Sforza, Villandras: and Ladies.

Ant. *Sebaſtiano*, I know not with what ſoule
I draw my ſword againſt thee

Seb. *Antonio* I am driven in a ſtorme
To ſpilt my ſelfe on thee, if not, my curſe -----
We muſt on ſir.

Mount. Rare man of art *Sharkino.*

Vil. Guard thee Count.

Enter Sfor. Val. and Ladies above.

Caſt. Treacherous *Sforza*, haſt thou brought us hither, to be ſtroke dead?

Mount. Hold Gentlemen, give me audience.

Seb. Whats the matter my Lord.

Mount. My fit is on me, tis ſo, I had forgot my ſelfe,
This is my ague day. *Seb.* How?

Mount. Yes a ſextile ague, looke you, doe you not ſee me ſhake, admirable Doctor, it will be as much as my life is worth if I ſhould fight a ſtroke.

Seb. Hell on ſuch baſeneſſe, weele engage no more;
Let our ſwords try it out.

Val. *Sebaſtiano* hold, thart not ſo ill befriended,
Exchange a perſon, ile leape the battlement.

Mount. Withall my heart, I am ſorry it happens ſo unfortunately, oh rare phiſitian!

Vil. Good cozen grant it.

Ant. What ſaies *Sebaſtiano.*

Vil. I conjure you by all honour.

Seb. It is granted; *Ber.* He ſhall not goe.

Ant. Meete him my Lord, you will become his place of a

Specta-

Spectator beſt. *Enter Valaſco.*

Ber *Sebaſtiano*, brother.

Caſt. *Antonio*, here me.

Val. Guard thee *Valaſco* then.

Caſt. O brother ſpare him for my ſake.

Ber. *Sebaſtiano* every wound thou giveſt him,
Drawes blood from me.

Caſt. *Sebaſtiano*, remember hees thy friend.

Ber. *Antonio* tis my brother, with whoſe blood
Thou dyeſt thy ſword.

Ant, When thou liv'ſt againe ſhalt be more honorable.

Kils Valaſco.

Sebaſtiano doe you obſerve the advantage,
Yet thinke upon't.

Seb. It is not in my power, I value not thē odds.

Ber. Hold, *Antonio*, is this thy love to me, it is not noble.

Seb. So thy death makes the ſcale even. *Kils Villandras.*

Caſt. *Antonio* hold, *Berinthia* dyes.

Ber. *Sebaſtiano*, *Caſtabella* ſinkes for ſorrow, murdēr, helpe
I will leape downe.

Ant. Where art *Berinthia*, let me breath my laſt upon thy
lip, make haſte, leaſt I die elſe.

Seb. *Antonio* before thou dyeſt cut off my hand, art wounded mortally?

Ant. To die by thee is more then death, *Sforza* be honeſt,
But love thy ſiſter for me, I me paſt hope,
Thou haſt undone another in my death.

Enter Berinthia, Sforza, Mount.

Ber. *Antonio* ſtay oh cruell brother.

Ant. *Berinthia* thy lip farewell, and friend, and all the
world.

Sfor. The gate is open, I am ſworne to render.

Ber. Hees not dead, his lips are warme, have you no balſome, a Surgeon; dead, ſome charitable hand ſend my ſoule after him. *Seb.* Away, away.

Ber. It will be eaſie to die,
All life is but a walke in miſery. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus 5. Scen. 1.

Enter Sebastiano.

Seb. MY friend, my noble friend, that had deserved
Most honorably from me, by this hand
Divorc'd from life, and yet I have the use ont,
Hapleſſe *Sebaſtiano*; oh *Berinthia*,
Let me for ever loſe the name of Brother,
Wilt thou not curſe my memory, give me up
To thy juſt hate a murtherer.

Enter Villarezo.

Vil. Ha, this must not be *Sebaſtiano*,
I ſhall be angry if you throw not off
This mellancholly, it does ill become you,
Doe you repent your duty, were the action
Againe preſented to be done by thee:
And being done, againe ſhould challenge from thee
A new performance, thou wouldſt ſhew no blood
Of *Vilarezoes*, if thou didſt not runne
To act it, though all horror, death and vengeance
Dog'd thee at thy heeles; come I am thy Father,
Value my bleſſing, and for other peace
Ile to the King, let me no more ſee thee cloudy. *Exit*

Enter Diego, Caſtabella like a page.

Die. That was his Father.

Caſt. No more, farewell, be all ſilence. *Exit Diego*

Caſt. Sir.

Seb. Hees newly gone that way, mayſt ſoone ore take him

Caſt. My buſineſſe points at you ſir.

Seb, At me, what newes? thou haſt a face of horrour, more welcome ſpeake it.

Caſt. If your name be *Don Sebaſtiano*, ſir
I have a token from a friend.

Seb. I have no friend alive boy, carry it backe,
Tis not to me, I've not another friend
In all the world.

Caſt.

Caſt. He that hath ſent you ſir this gift, did love you,
Youle ſay your ſelfe he did.
Seb. Ha, name him prethee.
Caſt. The friend I came from was *Antonio.*
Seb. Thou lyeſt, and thart a villane, who hath ſent thee
To tempt *Sebaſtianoes* ſoule to act on thee
Another death, for thus afrighting me.
Caſt. Indeede I doe not mocke, nor come to afright you
Heaven knowes my heart, I know *Antonioes* dead,
But twas a gift he in his life deſign'd
To you, and I have brought it.
Seb. Thou doſt not promiſe cozenage, what gift is it?
Caſt. It is my ſelfe ſir, while *Antonio* liv'd, I was his boy,
But never did boy looſe ſo kinde a Maſter, in his life he
Promiſed he would beſtow me, ſo much was his love
To my poore merit, on his deareſt friend,
And nam'd you ſir, if heaven ſhould point out
To overlive him, for he knew you would
Love me the better for his ſake, indeed
I will be very honeſt to you, and
Refuſe no ſervice to procure your love
nd good opinion to me.
Seb. Can it be
Thou wert his boy, oh thou ſhouldſt hate me then,
Th'art falſe, I dare not truſt thee, unto him
Thou ſheweſt thee now unfaithfull to accept
Of me, I kild him thy Maſter, twas a friend
He could commit thee to, I onely was,
Of all the ſtocke of men his enemy,
His cruelleſt enemy.
Caſt. Indeede I am ſure it was, he ſpoke all truth,
And had he liv'd to have made his will, I know
He had bequeathed me as a legacy
To be your boy; alas I am willing ſir
To obey him in it, had he laid on me
Command, to have mingled with his ſacred duſt,
My unprofitable blood, it ſhould have beene
A moſt glad ſacrifice, and 't had beene honour

To have done him such a duty sir, I know
You did not kill him with a heart of mallice,
But in contention with your very soule
To part with him.
Seb. All is as true as Oracle by heaven,
Dost thou beleeve so?
Cast. Indeede I doe. *Seb.* Yet be not rash;
Tis no advantage to belong to me,
I have no power nor greatnesse in the Court,
To raise thee to a fortune, worthy of
So much observance as I shall expect
When thou art mine.
Cast. All the ambition of my thoughts shall be
To doe my dutie sir.
Seb. Besides, I shall afflict thy tenderneſſe
With sollitude and passion, for I am
Onely in love with sorrow, never merry,
Weare out the day in telling of sad tales,
Delight in sighes and teares; sometimes I walke
To a Wood or River purposely to challenge
The bouldest Eccho, to send backe my groanes
Ith' height I breake e'm, come I shall undoe thee.
Cast. Sir, I shall be most happy to beare part
In any of your sorrowes, I nere had
So hard a heart but I could shed a teare
To beare my Master company.
Seb. I will not leave thee if thou'lt dwell with me
For wealth of *Indies*, be my loved boy,
Come in with me, thus Ile begin to do
Some recompence for dead *Antonio*. *Enter Berinthia.*
Ber. So I will dare my fortune to be cruell,
And like a mountanous peece of earth that suckes
The balls of hot Artillery, I will stand
And weary all the gunshot; oh my soule
Thou hast beene too long icy Alpes of snow;
Have buried my whole nature, it shall now
Turne Element of fire, and fill the ayre
With bearded Comets, threatning death and horrour

For

For my wrong'd innocence, contemn'd, diſgrac'd,
Nay murther'd, for with *Antonio*
My breath expired, and I but borrow this
To court revenge for juſtice, if there be
Thoſe furies which doe waite on deſperate men,
As ſome have thought, and guide their hands to miſchiefe.
Come from the wombe of night, aſſiſt a maide
Ambitious to be made a monſter like you;
I will not dread your ſhapes, I am diſpos'd
To be at friendſhip with you, and want nought
But your blacke aide to ſeale it.

Enter Mounte Nigro and Anſilva.

Mount. Firſt ile locke up thy *Gives her gold.*
Tongue, and tell thee my honorable meaning, ſo,
To tell you the truth, it is a love-powder, J had it of thē
Brave Doctor, which I would have thee to ſuger
The Ladies cup withall, for my ſake wo't do't:
And if I marry her, ſhat find me a noble
Maſter, and thou ſhalt be my chiefe Gentlewoman
In Ordinary; keepe thy body looſe, and thou ſhalt
Want no gowne I warrant thee; wo't do't.

Anſ. My Lord, I thinke my Lady is much taken with your
Worth already, ſo that this will be ſuperfluous,

Mount. INay think ſhe has cauſe enough, but I have a grēat
Mind to make an end on't, to tell you true, there are
Halfe a dozen about mee, but I had rather ſhe ſhould have
Me than an other; and my blood is growne ſo boyſterous
For my body, thats another thing; ſo that if thou wilt
Doe it *Anſilva*, thou wilt doe thy Lady good ſervice,
And live in the favour of *Count de Monte Nigro*;
I will make thy children kinne to me, if thou wo't
Do't. *Anſ.* I am your honours handmaid, but —

Mount. Heres a Diamond, prethee weare it, be not modeſt.

Anſ. 'Tis done my Lord, urge it no further.

Mount. But be ſecret too for my honors ſake, wē great mēn
Doe not love to have our actions laid open to the
Broad face of the world, Ile get thee with child,
And marry thee to a Knight, my brave *Anſilva*, takē

Thē first oppertunity.

Anſ. Jf there be any vertue in the powder, preparē to
Meete your wiſhes my noble Lord.

Moun. Thy *Count de monte nigro* expect to be a Lady. *Exit.*

Ber. *Anſilva.* *Anſ.* Madam.

Ber. Nay you neede not hide it, I heard the conference,
And know the vertue of the powder, let me ſee it
Or ile diſcover all. *Anſ.* I am undone.

Ber. No, here take it againē, ile not prevent
My ſiſters happineſſe and the Counts deſire,
I am no Tell-tale good *Anſilva* giv't her,
And heavens ſucceede the operation,
I begge on my knee; feare not *Anſilva*,
I am all ſilence. *Exit.*

Anſ. Indeede Madam, then ſhee ſhall havē it preſently.
Exit.

Enter Sebaſtiano, Caſtabella.

Caſt. Sir, if the opportunity I uſe
To comfort you be held a fault, and that
I keepe not diſtance of a ſervant, lay it
Vpon my love; indeede if it be an errour
It ſprings out of my duty.

Seb. Prethee boy be patient;
The more I ſtrive to throw off the remembrance
Of dead *Antonio*, love ſtill rubbes the wounds
To make them bleede afreſh.

Caſt. Alas they are paſt,
Binde up your owne for honours ſake,
And ſhew love to your ſelfe, pray do not loſe your reaſon,
To make your grieſe ſo fruitleſſe; I have procur'd
Some muſicke ſir to quiet thoſe ſad thoughts,
That makes ſuch warre within you.

Seb. Alas good boy, it will but adde more weights
Of dulneſſe on me, I am ſtung with worſe
Than the *Tarantula*, to be cur'd with muſicke
'T has the exacteſt unity, but it cannot,
Accord my thoughts.

Caſt. Sir this your couch

Seemes

Seemes to invite so small repose;
Oh I beseech you taste it, ile begge
A little leave to sing; *She sings.*

Enter Berinthia.

Sweete sleepe charme his sad sences, and gentle
Thoughts let fall your flowing numbers, here and round
About hover cæleſtiall Angels with your wings
That none offend his quiet, sleepe begins
To cast his nets o're me too, ile obey,
And dreame on him, that dreames not what I am.
Ber. Nature doth wrestle with me, but revenge
Doth arme my love against it, justice is
Above all tie of blood *Sebastiano*
Thou art the first shalt tell *Antonioes* ghost
How much I lov'd him.

She stabbes him upon his couch: Castab. rises and runnes in.

Seb. Oh stay thy hand *Berinthia*? no
Th'ast don't, I wish thee heavens forgivenesse, I cannot
Tarry to heare thy reasons, at many doores,
My life runnes out, and yet *Berinthia*
Doth in her name give me more wounds then these,
Antonio, oh *Antonio*, we shall now
Be friendes againe. *Dies.*

Ber. Hees dead, and yet I live, but not to fall
Lesse then a constellation, more flames must
Make up the fire that *Berinthia*
And her revenge, must bathe in.

Enter Catalina poysoned, pulling Ansilva by the haire.

Cast. Sebastiano, sister. *Ans.* murder.
Cat. Theres wild-fire in my bowells, sure I am poysoned;
Oh *Berinthia*. *Ber.* Ha, ha.
Cat. Helpe me to teare *Ansilva*, I am poysoned by
The Count and this fury.
Ber. Ha, ha. *Cat.* Doe you laugh hereat.
Ber. Yes queene of hell to see thee
Sinke in the glory of thy hope for blisse:
But art sure th'art poysoned, ha?
Ans. Nay I have my part on't, I did but sip, and my belly

Swelle too; call you this love-powder, *Count Mounte Nigro* hath poyſoned us both.

Ber. Y'are a paire of witches, and becauſe
Ile keepe your potion working, know y'are both
Poyſon'd by me, by me *Berinthia*,
Being thus tormented with my wrongs,
I arm'd my ſelfe with all proviſion
For my revenge, and had in readineſſe
That faithfull poyſon which ith' opportunity
I put upon *Anſilva* for the exchange
Of the amorous powder; oh fooles, my ſoule
Raviſh thy ſelfe with laughter, poliſion
My eldeſt divell ſiſter, does the heate
Offend your ſtomacke, troth charity, a little charitie
Th'onely Antidote, thats cold enough:
Looke heres *Sebaſtiano*;
Now horrour ſtrike thy ſoule, to whoſe feareleſſe heart
I ſent this punyard, for *Antonioes* death;
And if that peece of thy damnation
Anſilva had not don't, I meant to have writ
Revenge with the ſame point upon thy breaſt;
But I doe ſurfeit in this brave prevention:
Sleepe, ſleepe *Antonioes* aſhes, and now ope
Thou marbell cheſt to take *Berinthia*
To mingle with his duſt. *Wounds her ſelfe.*

Cat. I have not ſo much heart as to curſe, muſt I die?

Enter Vilarezo, Caſtabella, Mounte Nigro.

Caſt. Here my Lord, alas hees dead, my *Sebaſtiano*

Vil. *Catalina.* *Cat.* I am poyſon'd.

Vil. Ha, Defend good heaven, by whom.

Anſ. I am poyſoned too.

Vil. Racke not my ſoule amazement, tis a dreame ſure.

Anſ. Your Love-powder hath poyſoned us both.

Mon. What will become of me now, I would I were hang'd
To be out of my paine, by this fleſh, as I am a Count.
I bought it of the Doctor for good love-powder;
But Madam I hope you are not poyſoned in earneſt.

Cat. The devill on your fooleſhip, oh I muſt walke

The darke foggy way that ſpits fire and brimſtone,
No phyſicke to reſtore me? ſend for *Sharkino*, a cooler
A cooler, theres a Smiths forge in my belly, and the
Devill blowes the Bellowes, Snow-water, *Berinthia*
Has poyſned me, ſinke by mine owne engine;
I muſt hence, hence, farewell, will you let me die ſo?
Confuſion, torment, death, hell.

Mount. I am glad with all my heart that *Berinthia* has
Poyſoned her, yet ——

Ber. Oh it becomes thee bravely, heare me ſir.
Antonioes death and my diſhonours now
Have juſt revenge; I ſtabb'd *Sebaſtiano*, poyſoned my ſiſter;
Oh but they made too ſoone a fury of me,
And ſplit the patience, from whoſe dreadfull breach
Came theſe conſuming fires, your paſſions fruitleſſe;
My ſoule is reeling forth I know not whether;
Oh father my heart weepes teares, for you I dye, oh ſee
A maides revenge with her owne Tragedy.

Cat. Anſilva, oh thou dull wretch, hell on thy curſed
Weakeneſſe, thou gaveſt me
The poyſon, but I licke earth, hold, a gentleman
Vſher to ſupport me, oh I am gone, the poyſon
Now hath torne my heart in peeces, *Moritur.*

Vil. I am Planet ſtrucke, a direfull Tragedy, and have
I no part in't: how doe you like it, ha? waſt not
Done toth' life? they are my owne children; this was
My eldeſt girle, this *Berinthia* the Tragedian,
Whoſe love by me reſiſted, was mother of all this
Horror; and theres my boy too, that ſlew *Antonio*
Valiantly, and fell under his ſiſters rage, what
Art thou boy?

Caſt. Ile tell you now I am no boy,
But hapleſſe *Caſtabella*, ſiſter to
The ſlaine *Antonio*, I had hop'd to have
Some recompence by *Sebaſtianoes* love,
For whoſe ſake in diſguiſe I thus adventur'd
To purchaſe it, but death hath raviſht us,
And here I bury all my joyes on earth.

Mount.

Mount. Sweet Lady, heres *Count de Monte nigro* alive
To be your ſervant.
Caſt. Hence dull greatneſſe.
Vil. Were you a friend of *Sebaſtiano* then?
Caſt. Ile give you teſtimony.
Vil. No, I beleeve you, but thou canſt not be my daughter;
Tis falſe, he lies that ſayes *Beriathia*
Was author of their deathes, 'twas *Villarezo*,
A fathers wretched curioſity, dead, dead, dead.
Caſt. And I will leave the world too, for I mēane
To ſpend the poore remainder of my dayes
In ſome Religious houſe, married to heaven,
And holy prayers for *Sebaſtianoes* ſoule,
And my loſt brother.
Vil. Will you ſo?
Caſt. I pray let *Caſtabella* have the honour
To enſhrine his bones, and when my breath expirēs,
For ſorrow promiſeth I ſhall not live
To ſee more Sunnes, let me be buried by him
As neere as may be poſſible, that in death
Our duſt may meete, oh my *Sebaſtiano*,
Thy wounds are mine.
Vil. Come I am arm'd, take up their bodies, *Caſtabella* you
Are not chiefe mourner here, he was my ſonne,
Remember that, *Berinthia* firſt, ſhe was the
Youngeſt, put her ith' pithole firſt, then *Catalina*;
Strow, ſtrow flowers enough upon em, for they
Were maides; now *Sebaſtiano*, take him
Vp gently, he was all the ſonnes I had; now
March, come you and I are twinnes in this dayes
Vnhappineſſe, wee'le march together, follow cloſe
Wee'le overtake em, ſoftly, and as we go,
Wee'le dare our fortune for another woe.

FINIS.